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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE CAPTURE OF ALSÉN.

DURING the week, we have received full accounts of the capture of Alsén by the Prussians. It is evident that the Danes must, to a great extent, have been taken by surprise. They would otherwise hardly have failed to make a stouter and more formidable resistance than they did, to the passage of their antagonists from the mainland to the island. The Germans do not seem to have thrown any bridges across this narrow arm of the sea, as was at first supposed; and the open boats in which they crossed must have been for some time exposed both to the attack of the Danish ships and to the fire of the Danish batteries on Alsén. But the Scandinavians seem to have been quite unprepared to meet the assault where and when it came. It was some time after the operation had commenced before the *Rolfe Krake* made her appearance on the scene of action, and she did no effective service when she arrived. Not until the first boats had reached the middle of the Sound did the Danes begin to fire from their half-dismantled batteries, and their ill-directed shots then passed over the heads of their enemies. Very little, if any, resistance was made to the landing of the Prussians; the outnumbered defenders of the island retiring on their approach first to the wood of Holzforst, and afterwards to the village of Kjar. At the latter place they made a stout resistance, in order to cover the retreat of their forces to Horup-Hav, where their transports were awaiting them. Unfortunately, they could not hold out long enough to prevent the capture of 2,000 or 3,000 prisoners, whose loss will be severely felt in their diminished army. The remainder, however, succeeded in embarking. This victory, such as it is, reflects no great glory on the German arms, although it would be unfair to deny that the attack upon Alsén was skilfully planned. But one cannot help feeling some surprise that the Danes attempted to hold a position which military men were agreed in considering untenable by the forces at their command. However natural might have been the reluctance to give up the last piece of Slesvig which they held, the attempt to retain it was a strategic mistake. Jutland has been placed under Prussian administration, and it is asserted that the Germans are making preparations to pass into the island of Fünen, if not to invade Zeeland and attack Copenhagen itself. Before, however, they can enter on the latter enterprise, they must establish their ascendancy at sea; and, overpowered as the Danes are on land, it is not yet forbidden us to hope that on the other element they may, with forces more equally balanced, maintain a more successful resistance.

ALLEGED HOLY ALLIANCE.

On Saturday last, the *Morning Post* startled the political world by the publication of certain documents, which, if genuine, place beyond the possibility of a doubt the formation of a new Holy Alliance between Russia, Prussia, and Austria. They consisted of two despatches: one from the Prussian envoy at Vienna to M. von Bismarck, and the other from M. von Bismarck to the Prussian ambassador at Paris. It resulted from these that the Czar had proposed to his brother despots a mutual guarantee of their Polish possessions; and had expressed his willingness to support the German policy in regard to the Duchies in consideration of the claims of the Oldenburg family to the new throne being recognised, and of Russia being secured against that Scandinavian union which has always been an object of her dread. The only difficulty raised by Prussia as to acceding to this arrangement was with reference to the succession to the Duchies. Austria, however, was said to have intimated that it did not offer her a fair share of guarantees, and to have hinted not obscurely a wish for protection against other dangers than those arising from a Polish insurrection. As might have been expected, the genuineness of these despatches was at once denied by the Prussian Government; but our contemporary, nothing daunted, replied by reasserting their authenticity, and by publishing a further series of papers, which not only showed, in the most distinct manner, that the three Powers had, since the beginning of the year, been acting together against Poland, but that Prussia had promised Austria her assistance, if necessary, in Italy, and that Russia only "asks to join in this triple alliance." In short, if these documents are not impudent forgeries, they prove that an alliance either has been formed, or is on the point of being formed, between these Powers for the reciprocal guarantee of their respective territories, and for mutual aid and assistance in promoting the objects of a common policy. In other words, they propose to dictate to Europe on a large number of international questions, and to reduce to zero the influence of England and France. It is impossible to exaggerate the momentous importance of such a league, if it exists. Nothing more threatening to the independence of the minor States—nothing more fatal to the internal freedom of that large portion of Europe over which the three autocrats rule, or which lies within the sphere of their influence,—can well be imagined. It is, under the thinnest of disguises, a league against right, justice, and liberty—an open proclamation of defiance to the public opinion of Europe and to the Western Powers. If such an alliance—with the objects described—really has been formed, it will render almost absolutely necessary a counter-alliance on the part of England, France, and Italy. It will certainly compel the two former of these Powers to surmount any

coolness which may have lately sprung up between them, and to once more enter upon relations of the most intimate character. While the authenticity of the despatches in question still remains in doubt, it would be premature to pursue our speculations further; but we cannot help saying that mere assurances on the part of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, will go but a little way to convince anyone that our contemporary has been made the victim of an elaborate hoax. The natural presumption of genuineness which arises from their inherent probability is very much strengthened by the statement of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, that he has himself seen in the hands of a person of high position and undoubted honour documents substantially identical with those first published by the English journal.

THE VOTE OF CENSURE.

The debate which is to decide the fate of a Ministry, and probably to exercise a permanent effect upon the foreign policy of England, has occupied the House of Commons during the whole of the present week. Whatever we may think of the policy of the Government, or the want of policy of the Opposition, there can be no doubt that the oratorical conflict has been worthy of the nation, of the assembly, and of the occasion. The public have manifested the most lively interest and excitement by gathering in crowds about the entrance to Westminster Hall, and cheering in a manner which carried one back to the great party fights of old, the leaders of each side of the House as they passed to the scene of conflict. That part of the House devoted to strangers has been nightly filled by those who are most distinguished by rank, by high place, or by genius. The royal family of England and the ex-royal family of France were both represented amongst those who listened to Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone. Even the poet-laureate, so seldom seen in public, was drawn out from his seclusion. Nor, we will venture to say, did any—that evening, at least—go away disappointed. Both of the principal speeches were masterpieces of their kind. Lucid in statement, adroit in insinuation, fertile in sarcasm, and vigorous in denunciation, the Conservative leader fully maintained his reputation, and excited to the highest pitch the enthusiasm of his party. He accomplished even more; for so mercilessly did he expose the weak points of his antagonists, that for the moment he made his own forgotten. But the defence was not unequal to the attack. Bad as his case was, it did not overtask Mr. Gladstone's ingenuity, or cramp the free play of his marvellous debating powers. While he spoke, it was almost impossible to resist the conviction that Earl Russell was the most injured and misrepresented of men; and cold indeed must those have been who did not yield in some degree to the eloquence, the brilliant invective, the fine play of humour, and the generous enthusiasm which marked, in turn, the best passages of his speech. We do not propose here to enter upon the subject-matter of the debate, nor can we further follow its course: suffice it to say, that if it has not been maintained on the level of the two opening addresses, it has not fallen below it further than was inevitable. The best men on both sides of the House have, as a rule, put forth their best powers; nor will those who have been privileged to listen to them, assert or admit that the days of English eloquence are past.

A REVERSE IN NEW ZEALAND.

We have unfavourable news from New Zealand by the last mail. The British troops, commanded by General Cameron in person, have been compelled to recoil from a strong position held by the Maories at Taranga. It is true that the enemy subsequently retreated, but not before he had inflicted upon us a loss which is severe, whether we regard only the number, or take into consideration the rank, of the killed and wounded. The commanders of two of Her Majesty's ships and of one of the regiments engaged are amongst the slain; and, looking to the unusual proportion of officers who have fallen, there seems reason to fear that they have not on this occasion been properly supported by their men, and have consequently been obliged to run unusual risks.

JAPAN.

Our relations with Japan, which were discussed the other day by Earl Grey in a speech of great ability, are no doubt worthy the serious consideration of the Legislature and of Government; but we certainly cannot arrive at the conclusion to which the noble earl invites us. It is

but too likely that our intercourse with that singular country will for some time be chequered by bickerings, and interrupted by collisions. Nor do we venture to dispute the assertion of so competent an authority as Sir R. Alcock, when he tells us there is really no party amongst the Japanese who are in favour of intercourse with foreigners. But, whether we were right or wrong in following the example of the Americans, and imposing upon them a treaty to which they were only half willing or wholly unwilling parties, it seems quite clear that the worst thing we can now do is to retrace our steps. It would, of course, be useless for us to do so, unless the other Powers were equally disposed to submit to a curtailment of their treaty privileges. But, even if all were agreed to make this sacrifice, we do not think it would be expedient. After a prosperous and rapidly-increasing trade with Japan has grown up, it would be simply impossible, and it would certainly not be desirable to allow those islands to become as they once were, hermetically sealed against the rest of the world. The unscrupulous adventurers who throng the eastern seas would find means of carrying on an irregular, if they were not permitted to enjoy a regular, commerce; and the Japanese would scarcely gain by a state of things under which these men would be freed from the restraint imposed upon them by the pressure of European or American diplomatic agents. But if we neither can nor will consent to relinquish our intercourse with these islands, it seems far better that we should adhere to our treaty as it stands, than unsettle our relations by attempting to negotiate a fresh one or by withdrawing partially from the position to which we have gained a right. By taking either course, we should be far more likely to increase than to diminish the causes of quarrel. Still less does it appear practicable to give up these "extra-territorial" clauses of the treaty under which Englishmen in Japan are relieved from the jurisdiction of the native laws and authorities. But, on the other hand, it does seem both practicable, and incumbent upon us, to take measures for bringing these men within the control of our own laws. At present, many of them grossly abuse the licence which they practically enjoy, and continually peril the good relations between the two countries by violent and lawless conduct. Having taken measures to prevent this, and having enforced upon our diplomatic representative at Jeddo the necessity of treating any disputes that may arise in a firm but yet conciliatory spirit, and of not rashly resorting to hostilities without the sanction of the home Government, we shall probably have done our best to preserve peace, or at any rate to avert any dangerous or extensive war. If we can stave off a conflict for a few years, the Japanese will gradually become reconciled to the intercourse they now dislike, by the advantages of a profitable commerce.

AMERICAN WAR.

The fortune of the campaign in Virginia is still adverse to Grant. We knew last week that he had captured the outer defences of Petersburg, but we ventured then to anticipate that he was far from having made conquest of the town itself. According to the intelligence which we have since received, this turns out to be the case. On the day following the partial success we have alluded to, the Federal general returned to the attack. Twice during the same day (June 18) was the assault renewed, and each time it was repulsed with terrible loss. As the Northern journals admit a loss of 8,000 men in the day's operations, it is quite safe to assume that it was much more considerable. This stunning blow seems to have paralysed Grant for a time. Certain it is that for four days he did nothing; and when he put his troops in motion again it was not to resume the attack on Petersburg but to execute another flank march. While, however, he was moving his army round from the east to the south of Petersburg (apparently for the purpose of cutting off the communication between Richmond and North Carolina), two corps which had become somewhat detached from the main body were fallen upon by the Confederates under General Hill, and were driven back with a loss of 3,000 in killed, wounded, and captured. The troops under Lee and Beauregard have, therefore, during the last few days, more than held their own. They have done so under considerable disadvantages. For the advance of Hunter from the Shenandoah Valley upon Lynchburg and Richmond, has assumed so threatening an aspect as to compel Lee to detach against him a very considerable force. If Hunter be driven back, the whole of the Confederate forces in Virginia may be

concentrated in front of Grant; and he must then recognise the hopelessness of his enterprise. If he could not take Petersburg on the 18th ult. there is, we may be sure, every day less chance of his doing so. He cannot make another flank march without laying his communications open to Lee,—even if that be not already done. The Confederate general is said to have been making demonstrations on the James River with a view to cutting Grant off from his base of supply; and one telegram asserts that the latter has been obliged to resort to the expedient of obstructing the James River below Fort Darling in order to protect his transports from the Confederate rams. So obvious, indeed, was the embarrassment of the Northern general, and so plain the danger to which his troops were exposed, that when the last mail left New York, rumours prevailed there that the grand army of the Potomac was on the point of commencing its retreat. These reports are perhaps premature; but it is scarcely possible to doubt that they correctly foreshadow the result of the campaign. Unless Hunter should gain a decisive victory, which will allow him to advance against Richmond from the west, Grant seems, as the Americans themselves would say, to be “fairly played out.”

THE LAST SPEECH OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT is on its death-bed, but its last hours are not the calm close of a well-ordered life. It has played easily its part, fled from many a duty, and broken many a pledge, in order that it might pleasantly enjoy its brief hour of existence. And now, as the mists of dissolution grow thick before its sight, the parting of flesh and spirit is disturbed by the furious quarrel of the expectant heirs, and by the inward struggle between conscience and the influence of the old seductions. Why, they whisper, should it not die in the same belief in which it has lived? why, after having laughed at everything serious, and proclaimed that its creed was only to take the pleasures of the hour, leaving to a future age to grapple with the questions that now are ripening, should it in its last moments confess that it has evaded its due responsibilities, and waste its expiring breath in publishing its own condemnation? But suggestions so comforting fail to carry implicit conviction to a dying ear. A disquieting whisper comes out of the mist of the future. Perhaps, after all, there is such a thing as right truth, not wholly identical with comfort and profit; perhaps there is a divine law which gives faith and duty their reward, and turns the apples of self-seeking to ashes between the teeth. Unhappy dying Parliament, to be tortured with such misgivings! Cruel Newdegate, cruel Roebuck, cruel Horsman, who, wide as the poles asunder in all conclusions to which party guides, are yet brought together by sheer force of conscience and honesty to speak such ill-boding words!

But, despite these monitors, Parliament will evidently now be no death-bed penitent. Its last hours will be given to settle the inheritance of its earthly possessions, and it will maintain with asseveration, more vehement because of inward misgivings, that it has no concern with anything but itself and its enjoyments. Nor, indeed, is it strange that such should be its creed. For that doctrine has made converts already of all the wise and the learned, and is preached by them with all the zeal and undoubting fervour of new and grateful conviction. No more wonder that it should spread with the rapidity of contagion when applied to the direction of our public conduct, than that it would be embraced with equal ardour if a new prophet should arise to declare it as the rule of private life. For let us suppose, it is not now so very difficult, or even so very shocking, that high authority were to announce that the sound rule of personal conduct was non-intervention, pure and simple. Suppose our statesmen and our prelates, our peers and our millionaires, our newspapers and our orators, were to unite to inform us that in the case of individuals the experience of ages had proved “meddling” to be simply hurtful to all parties, and that, therefore, henceforth, whenever we saw wrong done, we should merely pass on without looking at it, attending only to our own business, and careful only to make the weaker party understand from the first that we should never help him, so that he might see that he had no course but to submit quietly. Let us suppose that, in addition to experience, argument was brought in to convince us that, after all, this was the best system, proving to us that by not taking up our time with other people we had the more to devote to making money for ourselves and our families, so that really if a few suffered the many were all the happier; besides that it was quite possible we might not be able to rescue the injured,

and only get ourselves beaten in the effort. Would not such a creed as this, promulgated by all the venerable teachers, enforced by all the respectability of the country, make rapid progress, and be joyfully hailed by all who have money to make or to lose, as the most inestimable discovery of modern ethics? And what is there, then, strange in the fact that its present partial and incomplete announcement, with application restricted to the case of “foreigners,” is the most flourishing doctrine of the hour?

Therefore, among political parties, stricken with such blight of reason, it were vain to hope for a hearing for the voice of duty. They must be allowed still to prate, as they have prated during the week in all varieties of modulation, on the claims of “honour and interest.” In the issue of a battle on such words, interpreted as they now are, we can profess but little concern. It is nothing to the nation whether Lord Russell has involved its honour by implied promises, if Lord Derby is equally resolute not to redeem the pledge: it is even worse than idle to compute whether the material “interests” of the nation demand our going to war. Only those minds whom the new doctrine of public selfishness has utterly hardened, could set themselves to reckon whether our “interests” would be served by bloodshed, could weigh human lives against gain, and balance the ledger of souls with so much extra profits on trade.

So we appeal from the verdict of Parliament, whatever it may be, to the tribunal of the national conscience. We will not accept the issue of a debate respecting honour and interests as determining what is our duty. For, after all, the former phrases are but of recent growth and emblems of a new doctrine. It is not the point of honour, but the point of right that England has been wont to consider. She has fought before now, but never for her interests, only for her duty. She may have erred in understanding, she has not erred of self-deception. Nor really is there any change in the nation’s heart, though it is confused with the sophistry of its leaders. Still, as before, we count it unmanly and unchristian that a man should stand by and see another beaten by odds. Still, as ever, we confess that there is no distinction of speech or colour that extinguishes the claims of man on his brother man for help. For, indeed, more now than ever before, by our missions to distant heathen, by our efforts to suppress the foreign slave-trade, by our subscriptions to all suffering on the face of the globe that money can alleviate, we acknowledge the overwhelming obligation to do what good we can to our fellow-men of every clime. But if there be any such obligation, how can we profess to limit it to gifts of money? For, once again to come back to the touchstone of personal conscience, could we pretend to say we had done our full duty to one who was being maltreated if we held back from protecting him, but thrust a piece of silver in his hand as we turned to leave him? And can we, then, profess to feel content if we merely raise subscriptions for the wounded and orphans, while we refuse to give Denmark help in her defence?

It is clear, then, that this new doctrine of absolute non-intervention can never satisfy our instinctive sense of right and wrong, however it may for a brief space tickle by its novelty or fascinate by its apparent convenience. It is impossible, unless humanity were reconstituted, that men can long be happy or prosperous, or have minds at ease, thus laying down the rule that their whole duties to their fellows are to end at an arbitrary and shifting national boundary. It is true, indeed, that we cannot be asked to do impossibilities, and cannot be expected to rush in where evident and certain defeat must be our fate. But that is not seriously suggested in this case. Nobody has yet so far insulted the common sense and conscious power of the nation as to assert that with Denmark we should not be more than a match for the bankrupt Powers of Germany. But it is argued by Lord Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Cobden, with many other most estimable persons, that, if we should go to war with Germany, portentous European combinations might ensue. This, however, is—

“The craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event;
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward.”

These remote contingencies may, indeed, in possibility, come to pass. But so, as possibly, may a thousand others. It is at least as probable that France might join us as that she should join our foes. It is at least as probable that Italy should effect a diversion in our favour, as that she should remain quiescent on Austria’s flank. It is at least as possible that Poland and Hungary may find occupation for Prussians and Russians, as that they should continue to furnish conscripts to the armies of our opponents. All imaginable cases

may be put, and our position in each of the events may be vividly pictured by an apprehensive fancy. But it is very certain that not one of them is so sure to happen, or, at least, to happen without some counterbalancing consequence, as that the possibility should influence our present conduct. If, in private life, we allowed our proceedings to be ruled by such possibilities, we should speedily sink into the dotage of hypochondria. We could not give a penny to a beggar, for fear we should ourselves need the sum to buy bread. We could not go into business, because in business competition might draw on bankruptcy. We could not join a friend in any enterprise, because, perchance, he might die and leave the burden of it on our sole shoulders. The chances and changes to which mortal life is subject would overwhelm our reason if we tried to reason them all out, as Earl Russell reasons out the future of Europe. Something must still be left to chance, if we please to call an overruling Providence by that name. But in this incertitude we are not without a clear rule, as applicable to our public as to our private conduct. We are to love our brethren as ourselves, not to save ourselves by letting our brethren perish unaided. Acting on such a rule we cannot err, and we shall not be abandoned by a higher Power than man's. But if we fear the French Emperor more than the Divine Lawgiver, if we rejoice only in the fulness of our own barns, and tremble only lest thieves break through and steal; if we are satisfied with duly paying tithes of all our possessions, neglecting judgment, mercy, and truth,—then, indeed, our destruction is near at hand, and by no human cunning can be averted. Vainly shall we build a rampart of isolation to defend our "honour and interest," when, as a nation, we have come to think of them only, abandoning the care for duty.

THE PALMERSTON COMPANY, LIMITED.

If it were not for the number of its shareholders, and the many classes which have contributed towards its support, the joint-stock Government that has so long lasted would, before now, have broken down. Like Burke's famous tessellated Cabinet, the present Ministry has been whimsically dovetailed together, and never could be said to represent much beyond a compromise between the Liberals and the semi-Liberals of the country. The stormy meeting at Willis's Rooms, which preceded Lord Palmerston's advent to power, was not unlike the agitated and tempestuous gatherings which frequently take place whenever railway shareholders resolve, in spite of the backslidings of their directors, to give the old lot one more trial. The old directors have now been tried again, and they have certainly not done much better than before; it may even be doubted whether they have done so well. They are divided among themselves, they are at loggerheads with the world without, and their policy seems drifting steadily in the direction of political bankruptcy. Meddle and muddle is not a sound system for a joint-stock company. After several years of it, the country seems as badly off as the Great Western shareholder, when—after learning that he has been running branch lines everywhere—he finds his dividends preternaturally low. The Palmerston Company, Limited, has either been too enterprising, or not enterprising enough. The worst of all short-sighted courses is to play an audacious game timidly. Either operations ought to have been on a smaller scale, or they should have been pushed to the end with vigour.

The *personnel* of the company does not improve with time. The manager's health is hardly as buoyant as it was, and the worry of keeping unruly subordinates and dissatisfied shareholders in order is enough to tell even upon a more youthful constitution. Nor, despite the popularity of Lord Palmerston, can the nation avoid seeing that he is daily widening the breach between the various sections of his own party. By playing consistently into the hands of the Conservatives, for the time he smooths his own road, but he is making the road almost impassable for any Liberal successor. Nevertheless, Lord Palmerston's name must command confidence and popularity abroad and at home, even if his energy is daily lessening. Nor can fault be found with the auditing of the company's accounts. They have an admirable financier, who knows what he is about. However extravagant the expenditure may be thought, the books are certainly well kept. But the Secretary! With the best intentions and the most honourable principles—for among all the members of the present Cabinet there is not one whose honour and integrity stand higher—that copious and excellent letter-writer has made the company's position very hot. He has committed them to twenty schemes, and broken off negotiations at the eleventh hour in each. He has put his hand to the plough so often that the bystanders begin to

smile. Abroad, the credit of the concern, the businesslike character of the concern, and the punctuality of the concern is dwindling. Outsiders are heard muttering that the Palmerston Company, Limited, does not meet its bills. But the promissory notes of England cannot thus continue to be dishonoured. When Rome repudiated the contracts of her unsuccessful generals, she sent the generals back with halters round their necks into the camp of the enemy whom their unauthorized promises had deceived. The secretary of the joint-stock company feels no desire to make any such sacrifice of himself. The paper which bears his signature may not be met by his employers when due, yet he holds on steadily to his post, and issues more. Of one thing England may rest assured, that she cannot repudiate Lord Russell's notes of hand half as fast as he will circulate new ones. Nor does the peculiar temper of Lord Russell permit him inoffensively to discharge less onerous duties than that of threatening peace or war. The secretary's business is clearly to correspond. Lord Russell's pen is unfortunately so hard and sharp, that every piece of correspondence sounds like a hostile message. The result is that the English Foreign Office, as regards other Foreign Offices, is undergoing a sort of political quarantine. The arrival of a letter of Lord Russell's at a continental court creates the same sort of consternation as the arrival at Malta of the yellow flag. Nobody likes to touch the terrible missive. At last, some secretary bolder than another ventures to take it at arm's length to his chief, who reads it, trembling lest he should be insulted before he gets to the bottom of the page. It lies on the table, the centre of diplomatic observation, regarded by all officials with a dreary awe and horror. This is hardly the work that a national secretary is designed to turn out, and if Lord Russell would but pass from the Foreign Office to some less controversial department, and instead of roughing emperors, content himself with roughing colonial governors or country magistrates, the Palmerston Company, Limited, would be all the better for the change.

The real defect of the Ministry at present is, that it has no common policy at heart. Each director represents a certain section of the shareholders, and represents, therefore, both a limited interest and a very limited liability. Not one of the chiefs of departments pretends for a moment to identify himself with any other department but his own; nor will he consent to be responsible, except indirectly, for the general conduct of the concern. The result is, that when we come to a vital question, such as the Dano-German question, everyone is at loggerheads. Lord Palmerston, like Belial, probably stands for open war—only, unlike Belial, he does not venture to say so. Perhaps Lord Russell may conceal within his literary bosom a similar opinion. But the Manchester school have their director, the City has its director, the Peace Society has its director. These will have nothing to do with any responsibility beyond their own immediate interests. As for the general honour of the country, it is an argument that does not touch a body so constituted and so minded. But it is not a satisfactory situation for the Cabinet of a great nation to have no common principle but that of holding together as long as possible. It is just the principle which leads a Railway Board to oppose its own dissolution tooth and nail. The members of the board hate one another, but they dislike the prospect of a fresh board more. Nor does the country, little as it trusts the present board in Downing-street, look forward to the alternative board with any other feeling than that of discomfort and despair. One obvious solution of the difficulty might be found if the Palmerston Company would only act in character. In a limited company the faults of the Foreign Office ought to be expiated by the Foreign Office itself, without assistance from the Treasury or the Board of Trade. The interest being limited, the responsibility should be limited also. That the country is thoroughly dissatisfied, there can be no serious doubt; and unless some change of the kind is made at the Foreign Office, the end of the Whigs is nearer than they think.

THE QUESTIONABLE DESPATCHES.

THE despatches given to the world during the last week by the *Morning Post* have excited—as of necessity they must excite—a painful interest on the Continent. The first problem, of course, is as to their authenticity. The letters of the 13th and 15th of June, which appeared in the *Post*, and which contain the project of the new Holy Alliance, might be regarded, *prima facie*, with some suspicion and reserve. That, if forgeries, they are at least no ordinary forgeries, may, however, be gathered from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's tone. But the publication of the earlier part of the same series throws an

important light upon the question. Certainly, the whole series may be forged; yet some of it looks very much as if it were genuine. But whatever the facts as regards authorship, there is no doubt that these documents have fortunately attracted the attention of Liberal Europe to the dangerous attitude which Austria, Prussia, and Russia are gradually occupying. There is a great deal of real uneasiness in Paris. The French Emperor is by this time discovering that his own diplomatic inaction is likely to be attended with unexpected results. The despatches—genuine or not—represent only too accurately the chances and the dangers that would follow from the isolation of England and the reserve of France. Probably they represent also the calculations by which the Government have partially been guided in their determination not to risk a war at this moment. If their contents are to be relied upon, Lord Palmerston's Ministry have been in an evident difficulty. The *Morning Post* communication of the correspondence of the reactionary conspirators of Europe possibly was meant to have its influence upon Friday's division list, and to justify and tally with the ominous tone of anxiety for the future with which Lord Russell excused the pacific resolutions of the Cabinet. There is no doubt that the Prussian Ambassador was right in believing that the knowledge of an intimate mutual understanding between Austria, Prussia, and St. Petersburg, would go far to bring France and England to a more friendly mind. There are those who think this effect has already been produced in part by the bare suspicion. But if the Holy Alliance is not a mere bugbear invented to frighten English diplomatists from active intervention for Denmark, in the eyes of some wavering members of the House, it certainly would justify not, indeed, the blunders of Lord Russell's diplomacy, but England's ultimate abstinence from warlike interference between Denmark and her invaders.

According to the tenor of the correspondence, it has been the terror of European revolution which has moulded Russian policy with respect to the Schleswig-Holstein question, and deprived Denmark of her old protector. So far back as Jan. 23, 1864, Prince Gortschakoff tells the Austrian Minister that, in case Sweden declares in favour of the King of Denmark, Russia will concentrate a corps of observation in Finland. He adds the reason of the resolve. It is to be feared that Sweden may become the principal focus of the insurrection, if the Polish rebellion is not promptly suppressed. Ten days later, we find M. von Bismarck carefully baiting his line with a detachment of troops, sent by him to the frontier to co-operate in putting down the Polish rebellion. It is necessary, says he, to act with energy before the spring; for the "cosmopolite revolution" is only waiting for a complication in Europe in order to attempt a decisive stroke. The Russian Minister rises at the fly. He communicates in return to the Prussian agent the gratitude with which the Government of St. Petersburg accepts the "frank co-operation" of Prussia, and assures him that, in other contingencies, Russia will prove herself ready for all sacrifices, "when it is necessary to fight for common interests:" a pleasant message, and one not calculated to increase the cheerfulness of either the Liberal party in Germany or the Imperial party in France. Meanwhile, the general answer of Russia to all announcements respecting the Austro-Prussian campaign is—to go up and prosper. The armed resistance of Denmark, liberating the allied Powers from the Treaty of 1852, complications may no doubt arise when they come to take advantage of their rights of conquest. In all cases, the Cabinet of St. Petersburg will be found sympathetic with the policy of the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin.

Every sportsman knows the way in which a bird which is hit, but not badly hit, receives the shot. It gives a little tumble in the air, and then flies quickly on. Whenever a menacing despatch, or the news of a menacing interview with Lord Palmerston, arrives from London, the Prussian and Austrian Cabinets are palpably, but not badly hit. They fly on again, however, hoping for the best, and determining to "observe a certain reserve" till the accomplishment of the work. If these documents are genuine, a grosser instance of *mala-fides* towards this country was never made out. While Austria and Prussia are reassuring England as to their honourable views; they are also exchanging confidences amongst themselves. The Irishman who was asked his intentions by the too eager mother of a beauty, replied forthwith that his intentions were strictly dishonourable. Austria and Prussia leave each other in no doubt upon the subject. They know what they mean, but they resolve to keep England in the dark. Russia joins in the conspiracy, and accompanies a formal protest addressed to the Allies with a secret letter, to say that the formal protest is only meant to blind England, to whose Minister it has been "confidentially communicated." Side by

side we place extracts from the formal despatch and from the private letter, which letter, we imagine, was not "confidentially communicated" to any servant of the English Crown with the same facility as the former:—

("Official.")

"St. Petersburg,

"Feb. 10, 1864.

"Sir,—The Government of his Majesty the Emperor has not ceased since the commencement of the Dano-German conflict to give unequivocal proof of sympathy for Germany, and it has used all its influence with the Cabinet of Copenhagen to induce it to fulfil the obligations which Denmark has contracted towards Germany.

"To our very great regret our efforts have not been crowned with success, and the struggle which has commenced between the two great German Powers and Denmark threatens to assume such proportions that we believe we fulfil a duty in expressing to the Cabinet of Berlin the reflections which this state of things is calculated to suggest, and the inconveniences and dangers which it entails.

"Russia is interested in the maintenance of the European equilibrium, and we cannot conceal from ourselves that the integrity of the Danish monarchy is necessary to the balance of power in Europe. Prussia and Austria have equally recognised the importance of the integrity of Denmark in a European point of view, and the Russian Government can but applaud their last declaration, that the integrity of Denmark will form the foundation of their programme and the necessary base of all solution of this question. The armed resistance of Denmark, the continuance of the war, and its results, might sensibly modify the programme of the two great German Powers, and change the present state of things in that country.

"You know that Russia possesses interests in the Baltic over which the Government of the Emperor should watch with the greatest solicitude. The dismemberment of Denmark might lead to the formation of a great Scandinavian State—that is to say, the accomplishment of the Scandinavian union; but the interests of Russia are formally opposed to this, and I ought to declare to you that we should oppose it with all our force.

"Such are the observations and the reserves which we have to make, and I pray you to present them in the most friendly form to M. de Bismarck, and to inform us of the reception they have met with.

"(Signed) GORTSCHAKOFF."

If the above private despatch is genuine, this country has been both mystified and insulted in a manner that requires the very strongest expression of our indignation; and we ought not to leave our ambassadors a day at St. Petersburg, Vienna, or Berlin. We are accustomed to read in history of the lies of diplomacy; but lying does not become less degrading and impertinent because the liar is a Minister. Prince Gortschakoff may have succeeded in his Machiavellian scheme for the time; but the people of this country will not forget or forgive so fraudulent and insolent an intrigue. We are not indulging in any exaggerated expression when we say that if this intrigue can be brought home to the Holy Alliance, the English nation will resent it directly and indirectly; and that the despotic Courts of the Continent will have to thank themselves for driving England into a policy of active and determined opposition.

Passing, for a moment, to the question of Russia and the revolutionary party, we may remark that the subsequent letters bear out our former assertion, that the key to Russian policy throughout is fear of Poland and of revolution. The

"PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF TO M. D'OUBRIL.

"(Private Communication.)

"St. Petersburg,

"Feb. 10, 1864.

"I pray you to communicate the present despatch to M. von Bismarck, and I hope that he will know how to appreciate and approve the motives which have induced us to forward the subjoined official despatch. Besides, I have already explained myself to M. von Røedern.

"You know that many times already the Cabinet of London has urged us to declare ourselves in concert with it in a formal manner against the policy of the two great German Powers, in the question of the Duchies, for the maintenance of Danish integrity. It has just renewed to us the same proposition, in almost giving us to understand that England is decided to protect Denmark against Germany, even by arms. Lord Napier informed me that the sole means of giving a pacific solution to this question, and to prevent Prussia and Austria from dismembering Denmark, would be a common action of Russia and England towards the two Powers.

"You know, sir, that we have rejected this proposition, but we have believed in the interest of Prussia and Austria to paralyse the action of England, and to prevent, at least momentarily, her armed intervention, which we think was all but probable.

"It was with this view that we addressed the subjoined despatch to the Cabinet of Berlin, after having communicated it confidentially to the English Ambassador.

"I do not think I need insist more on the expediency of this step, but I hope that it will be interpreted by the Prussian Government in the same way as it has been dictated to us, namely, by the sincere desire to act in its interest.

"I pray you to renew, in any case, to the President of the Council the assurance that the Government of the Emperor will always continue to afford its most sincere and effectual assistance to the Government of the King in this question, and in all eventualities.

"(Signed) GORTSCHAKOFF."

Emperor Alexander—we learn in March—would greatly desire an understanding with Austria. Such an understanding is absolutely necessary in all points of view, in presence of the European revolution. He thanks Austria for what she has done in Galicia, and Prussia for her offer to place Posen in a state of siege. Even the cosmopolite revolutionists in the Danubian Principalities come in for a share in the pious and mutual horror of the three Courts in the spring. The sum and substance of the whole is plain. The Holy Alliance, if constituted, will be a bilateral contract. Austria and Prussia receive a guarantee against internal and external complications; Russia receives a pledge that Poland is to be left to her fate. This is a treaty directed both against liberty and against France. It will and must be accepted at Paris as such; but the part England has been made to play is mortifying and humiliating. She has been tricked from first to last. We have, therefore, the utmost interest in the inquiry, whether this correspondence can be trusted. If it can, we have received a gross national affront.

Whether the correspondence is genuine or no, sufficient has been shown to rouse us. The time may be nearer at hand than we suppose when we shall have to act, not against a phlegmatic and selfish Germany, but against military despotism in Europe. At such a time a Liberal Government in office is our only security. We have no wish to be intrusted either to the keeping of Mr. Disraeli, or of Lord Malmesbury either. One thing is clear. The present state of our relations with France must cease. If Lord Russell is an obstacle to a thorough understanding between the two Governments, Lord Russell is bound, we think, to give way. It is not the interest of England to tie herself to the Imperial programme; but it is indisputably her interest to allow no foolish and unnecessary misunderstanding to imperil our common welfare.

UNIVERSITY TESTS.

AFTER an obstinately-contested struggle, Mr. Dodson's bill for abolishing tests in the University of Oxford has been defeated by a very narrow majority. Into a consideration of the merits of that bill we do not now propose to enter, because it has been gathered to the tomb of the Capulets, and we shall in all probability hear no more of it; and, in the second place, upon the principle *de mortuis nihil nisi bonum*, it would be invidious to criticise its errors and defects. Certainly never was any bill so nearly won, or its loss so little lamented by its friends, as this Tests Abolition Bill. It is singular to observe with what equanimity its most zealous supporters have resigned themselves to its unhappy fate, how readily they have consoled themselves for its defeat. It would be hard to decide whether its friends or its foes were more forward in bestowing upon it a parting kick. As if to verify the proverb, "a living dog is better than a dead lion"—they treated it in so scurvy and dog-like a fashion; and its injustice, its insufficiency, its prospective disadvantages, carefully concealed before, were exposed and ridiculed by its advocates the moment it had given up the ghost and been condemned past redemption. If Mr. Dodson read the comments upon "his little bill" which appeared the next morning in the columns of a leading contemporary, he might reasonably have exclaimed, in the words of Sir John, "Call you this backing of your friends?" He might, with justice, have protested against this new fashion of condolence which adds insult to injury, and when a friend is writhing under the agony of disappointment and defeat, pours vinegar instead of balm into his wounds, by telling him he has richly deserved his fate.

Nothing, in fact, can convince us more thoroughly of the half-devotedness of those who voted for the measure than the ready complacency with which they sustained their mortification. It does not look like earnest or hearty sympathy when people practise resignation without a struggle or a wry face. The world will be apt to think that the supporters of the bill hardly wished it to be successful, and were by no means disappointed at finding themselves in the minority. In their heart of hearts the majority of the House of Commons are not favourable to Dissent. They would certainly not like to see Dissenters ruling in the Universities. We do not wish to be illiberal. There are able men among the Dissenters, and men of true liberality of sentiment; but as a fact we believe that very few members of the House of Commons choose tutors for their sons from the Dissenting bodies; and most certainly no college in either University could flourish or even get on with Dissenting or Roman Catholic teachers. Its discipline could not be upheld.

Now, it was notorious to all that, under the guise of removing disabilities from Dissenters, Mr. Dodson's bill was in

effect nothing less than an attempt to place Dissenters and Churchmen eventually on the same footing, not merely in regard to literary degrees, but to University privileges in their widest scope. It was simply an attempt to introduce the thin edge of the wedge, which, sooner or later, should be driven home, and break up the religious character of these time-honoured institutions. Admission to any degree above the B.A. is admission into the government of the Universities, gives every graduate a voice in its decisions, renders him eligible for office, makes him, in short, a member of its corporate body. Hitherto, the members of that body have taken an oath of fealty to the Church of England. In ordinary parlance, the Universities have been the chosen nurseries of the Church of England. Their decisions on all matters of doctrine have been regarded as the decisions of the Church itself,—more weighty even than those of Convocation. If the framers of this new bill wish to obliterate this religious character of the Universities, and reduce them, like the continental Universities, to mere places of study, where any creed may be professed and any creed taught *ex cathedra*, let them say so openly. If not, then to admit a Dissenter, as such, into the government and tutorial functions of the University is as great an anomaly as to demand that he shall be admitted into the chapter of a cathedral, or determine the application of funds and estates left exclusively by the donor for the benefit of the Church of England. Reverse the picture; what Dissenter would tolerate the admission of a clergyman of the Church of England into the governing body of his own colleges? Would Homerton, would Maynooth, would Manchester endure such an intrusion? Would it be possible to secure that unity of feeling and co-operation without which collegiate bodies erected for educational purposes labour in vain?

But it is urged that such results as we have contemplated are visionary. The Dissenting element, it is said, would be too scant and feeble to overbear the ecclesiastical spirit of the Universities, and the real result would be that Dissenters would be more likely to be won over to the University, its belief, its modes of thought and action, than the reverse. Possibly; but then it is not sufficiently borne in mind, that in any college or university, where so much depends upon unanimity, a disturbing and non-conforming element, though very small in itself, may be productive of the greatest annoyance and heartburnings. It may, moreover, under unfavourable circumstances, form a nucleus for disaffection, the more powerful because it cannot legitimately be suppressed or removed; and the question naturally occurs, whether, in the face of such positive evil, it is either wise or just to introduce a great and radical change—for it is nothing less—in the constitution of the Universities. The evil is certain, the good uncertain. The offence to the majority is unquestionable, the benefit to the minority problematical; for no one will be so hardy as to assert that the majority of University men desire the alteration; and that Dissenters, either now or hereafter, are likely to form more than a very insignificant minority in our Universities as compared with their fellows of the Church of England.

We are therefore opposed to the measure, not from any apprehension that the admission of Dissenters to all the privileges of the University would introduce any great innovations into the doctrines taught or the discipline practised there. We do not believe that the authorities of the University themselves entertain any such fears. But we oppose the measure as introducing an element of disorder and confusion, and interfering with the peculiar religious character of the University, for no equivalent advantage. And though questions of this kind are not to be decided upon abstract grounds, but on their practical merits, it seems to us quite contrary to the principles by which this nation has been always guided that members of a hostile and opposite creed should be allowed to interfere in the management and administration of the property and privileges of bodies who differ from them. To admit that would be the origin of endless confusion. It may be urged that the Universities are national bodies, and exist for the good of the nation, and not for one set of men in it. We admit they are national, in the same sense as the Church of England is national, and open to every individual of the nation who is willing to avail himself of it, and submit to its rule of faith, discipline, and worship. But this sort of nationality does not imply that every man has a right to be admitted into the administration and government of the National Church, any more than of the Universities. If Mr. Dodson could show that the Universities desire his bill, or that they would clearly receive a decided advantage from it, he would have some just reason for urging it. If the contrary be apparent, or the Universities think so, it is a grievous wrong to them, as it is contrary to the principles of justice that the majority should be compelled to

give way because a small minority, neither wiser nor better, desire it.

These are old-fashioned arguments, we admit, and almost obsolete. The time, unfortunately, has long gone by since the governments of the day consulted the Universities themselves as to the feasibility or advantage of proposed reforms. Influenced by a knot of busy and noisy politicians, ready to catch at the support, as they imagine, of the Liberal party by cheap concessions, nothing is easier, nothing less costly, than to hand over the Universities to the clamours of a few importunate reformers. Nothing could be more evident, from the conduct of the Ministers themselves during this important debate, than that they neither cared to master the details of Mr. Dodson's bill, nor were at sufficient pains to propose the necessary amendments. And yet, if there be one duty more imperative than other, one common measure of justice which most equitable men would concede, it is this—that in measures vitally affecting the welfare of the Universities, and striking at the very root of their constitution, the Universities themselves ought to be consulted. Decency as well as justice demanded that some attempt should be made by the framers and supporters of Mr. Dodson's bill to ascertain the opinions of the University of Oxford as to the measure, even if they did not propose to be bound by those opinions. This has been the policy of the nation until within a very late period—a policy synonymous in this instance with expediency as well as justice. For it cannot be denied that if University reforms are to work well, it is expedient that the good-will of the Universities should be gained for their introduction. Cut-and-dry constitutions resting on no basis of kindness or conciliation can have little chance of bearing fruit. For anyone acquainted with these bodies must be fully aware that the personal influence and administrative powers of Heads and Tutors of Colleges would be too strong for any reforms to which they are hostile. It may be easy for Parliament to make rules; but to have them observed, still more incorporated with the general system of University education, is beyond its power. For the present, happily, there is no room for apprehension. Mr. Dodson's measure has reached its culminating point. It will not be defeated a second time by a majority of one or two.

THE KING OF WURTEMBERG ON FUNERAL POMP.

A WELL-KNOWN nobleman, who lived in the Regent's-park, used to observe that he enjoyed a wet Sunday, because it spited "that beast, the people." The King of Wurtemberg seems to have died in a somewhat similar frame of mind. He has left a will to say that he hates ceremony, and wishes to be buried quietly. He will not lie in state, he tells us, "to be gaped at by sight-seers and lovers of etiquette." His language on the subject is almost ill-tempered. The bare notion of anybody coming to look at his coffin exasperates him. Indeed, the excellent monarch thinks all such curiosity a species of lounging, and only fit for a *flâneur*. Accordingly, he begs pardon in ironical terms of "all idlers" for robbing them of a "capital opportunity" of gazing at vain and unmeaning show, and desires that he may be buried in the presence of his chaplain, his chamberlain, and his adjutant alone. There is a rough and royal cynicism about this that gives us an insight into the character of the man. It does not appear that his reserve comes from any particular sensitiveness to the transitory character of earthly distinctions, or to the conviction that death levels all men to the ranks. "Dieu seul est grand, mes frères," was the moral drawn by the French preacher from the coffin of a great monarch. But the orator did not reproach his audience with crowding round the pall, or fixing their eyes too curiously on the funeral pageant. There is at such seasons, at all events, one lesson to be learnt from going to the spectacle which those may miss who stay away; and the dislike of the old King of Wurtemberg to public funerals can hardly be taken as a mark of a serious turn for religious humility. His last will and testament—if we are to pronounce an opinion—is probably more tinged with peevishness than with piety. Indeed, it suggests to the candid critic a somewhat singular problem. What can the King of Wurtemberg have imagined to be the object of petty royalty in German States? What is the use of the Palace itself, the Masters of the Ceremonies, the Gentlemen in Waiting, the Court Marshals, the Directors, and of the Royal figure in the middle, with his little coterie of regimental martinets? If a German cat is wasting its time when it is looking at a German king, why the German king? Hitherto the first cause of the existence of the admirable and numerous royal personages that besprinkle the

German Fatherland has been supposed to be fulfilled in the satisfaction which an unlimited supply of regal etiquette and state ceremony affords to the German mind. Without a king, or a gracious prince, or at least a duke, there could not be a chamberlain, and without a high-chamberlain the smallest German State would be tenanted by a miserable people. Nor is it possible to draw fine distinctions between the living and the dead. The German who attends the obsequies of his sovereign cannot be very much more unprofitably employed than the German that stands to watch him drilling his fine army while he is alive. Where funeral pomp is unmeaning, what state ceremony is not superfluous?

The funerals of German princes are, in an especial sense, the incarnation of all that is dull and ceremonious in Germany. The life of a German prince must be monotonous enough. His career is one which men may begin as enthusiasts, but which most men end as cynics. The *résumé* of the history of the King of Wurtemberg—which was given the other day in the daily papers in a single line—might be taken as a condensed biography of almost all German kings and dukes. "In his younger days he promoted reforms, but in his latter days his liberal tendencies had declined." Such is life among the rulers of the principalities. It is the history of a pope without his religious trappings. Dreary as is their narrative, the incarnation of its dreariness is to be found nowhere so completely set forth as in their death and in their burying. In the greatest work of Jean Paul Richter there is a princely funeral that stands as a type of court funerals in Germany. We read how the deceased prince has been buried privately a week before the state performance; but to satisfy the requirements of princely etiquette his empty coffin must be buried over again to the roll of muffled drums, the tramp of slow-pacing horses, and the trailing of long court mantles and long crape weepers. The Diogenes of Jean Paul's story expresses himself upon the spectacle in terms not dissimilar to those in which the dead King of Wurtemberg has made his will. Even the sentimental hero of the "Titan" in vain endeavours to conjure up the natural thoughts suggested by death and decay. They are drowned in the hollowness and vanity of a spectacle which seems a mockery of grief and death alike:—

"All at once Schoppe, out of patience with the general emotion, cried, 'What a masquerade for the sake of masquerading! Best throw a man quietly into his hole and call nobody to see. I always admire London and Paris, where they toll no alarm-bells, nor set the neighbourhood stirring, when the undertaker is carrying one who has fallen asleep to bed.' 'No, no,' said Cesara, full of a noble capacity for grief, 'I admire it not; to whomsoever the holy dead are of no consequence, to him the living are so too.'

"Oh how did the scene accord with Cesara's heart! In a cistern before which the coffin passed, there stood a bronze statue of the old man on horseback, who saw go by below him the unsaddled mourning horses and the mounted steed. A deaf and dumb man was stepping from door to door, and making, with his bell, a begging jingle which neither he nor the buried man could hear. Was not the forgotten Prince laid in the earth all unseen, and more lonesome than any one of his subjects? O Cesara, it sank into thy heart how easily man is forgotten, whether he lies in the urn or in the pyramid; and how our immortal self is regarded, like an actor, so soon as it is once behind the scenes, and frets and fumes no longer among the players on the stage!"

The late King of Wurtemberg, it seems, was of a mind with the philosopher Schoppe. His life must have been a sort of flat and sandy wilderness to make him feel so fiercely that his funeral would be a sham. It is a solitary close to any life to be buried all alone in the presence of a chaplain and a chamberlain, but the King of Wurtemberg probably was free from all illusions on the subject of the happiness of being a king. Being a German kingling, to a man of reflective understanding, is unsatisfactory work. Dulness probably grew upon the Wurtemberg monarch as it grew upon the worthy Peter Bell. As life went on he became very, very dull; he could not understand the moral value of royal baubles. Crowns and sceptres were tinsel, the throne was stuffed with sawdust, and the drums that beat outside his palace in the square seemed to have holes in them. A royal gentleman who is in this desponding frame of mind may very easily think anyone a fool who takes off his hat to him in the street. Neither his living nor his dying are likely, he feels, to have much influence on the quiet and comfortable digestions of his phlegmatic people. The honours paid in most countries to the royal dead are generally nothing but a compliment to the rank of their successors and survivors; and from this point of view, if the rank is unprofitable, posthumous recognition of it seems a farce. There are, indeed, monarchs whose death is a national calamity. As they lie in state, and the crowds press round the coffin, the spectator feels that he is assisting at no conventional ceremonial. But such monarchs are few and far

between; nor are they a windfall that drops into the lap of a petty German principality. In the decease of most gracious princes there is, therefore,—to borrow the language of Samson Agonistes,—“nothing for tears.” The hearses, the mourning-horses, and the chaplain are pomps and vanities, introduced in the hope of interesting the crowd in an otherwise uninteresting programme.

Yet it may be doubted whether the King of Wurtemberg's people have not a right to complain of being deprived of the pleasure of watching a court ceremonial. If they like it, why should they not have it? It is part and parcel of the whole system; and if they have paid revenues to a monarch during his life, they may at least enjoy his obsequies from the window when he is no more. We come back to the old question, whether a German gracious prince, who declines to be buried in public, does not leave half his mission unfulfilled. Kings and queens should recollect that, if they do not let themselves be looked at, there is little else for them to do. A wealthy merchant may be benevolent. The archbishops can set us an example of prosperous and cheerful piety. Rich millowners and cottonspinners are competent to give to art and trade more real encouragement than they get from the economical dispensations of a palace. What monarchs and princes are wanted for is that they may be seen. The country chooses to set them in the middle, as men and women who are connected with the hereditary traditions of the land, and who are to represent it like the national flag. When, therefore, the King of Wurtemberg tells his people in his will that he hates ceremony, they may reasonably ask themselves whether he has been worth his keep. The sooner a similar question is answered in the negative by half the smaller States in Germany, the better it will be for Germany at large, and for the peace and good government of the Continent.

OUR ROADS—AS THEY ARE, AND AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.

THE abolition of eighty-one metropolitan toll-bars on the Middlesex side of the Thames was, a few days ago, an event of popular rejoicing. Crowds assembled around the doomed turnpikes just before midnight, and the first vehicles that passed through after the clock struck twelve received the honours of a popular ovation. The toll-bars on the Surrey side now claim attention. They are a nuisance and an obstruction which cannot be too soon swept away, and it may be hoped that they will not long survive the Derby-day of 1865.

The moment is favourable for calling attention to the present barbarous process of road-making. The owners of vehicles on the north of the Thames have been paying heavy tolls for a certain road. Did they get a road in any proper sense of the word? On the contrary; they got simply the raw material of a road. A quantity of the hardest stone metal that can be procured is thrown down broadcast upon the highway, and the owners of vehicles are invited to make it a road at their own proper cost and trouble. The public pay the road trustees and do not get what they pay for. They pay for the manufactured article, and they get, as we have said, the raw material. They bargain for a statue, and they are supplied with a rough-quarried block of marble. We all remember the outcry against the Treasury for serving out green coffee-berries to her Majesty's troops in the Crimea. The usual method of road-crushing is just as wasteful, as inconvenient, and as uncivilized. Every traveller has, so to speak, to grind his own coffee-berries into powder, with an apparatus as delicate and as unsuited to the work as if he had to scrape each separate berry with a penknife obtained at great cost from a cutler.

There is some excuse for road trustees, who have often been put to it to make both ends meet, and to pay interest upon their debts. But now that the charge for maintaining roads is thrown over a wider area, and will fall upon the public, we venture earnestly to plead, in the interests of humanity and common sense, for a more enlightened system of road-making. The present plan is to throw down a number of cart-loads of stones, twice as large as they ought to be—to cover the whole surface of the highway with them—and to leave the vehicular traffic to pound and grind them until the rough stones become a smooth and even surface. Sometimes for twenty, fifty, or one hundred yards, the traffic is obstructed, and vehicles come almost to a stand-still by reason of the newly-metalled surface. The increase of draught and the waste of power are as great as if the carriages had to ascend the steepest mountain road. It is unnecessary to add that these bits of unmade road are the terror of drivers, and have been the ruin of many a horse.

If anyone will take his stand by a newly-metalled road, he will wonder that a feeling of humanity for a noble and useful animal has not opened the eyes of his owners to the barbarity with which the horse is treated by road-surveyors. Waggon, vans, and heavily-laden vehicles are sent out with horse-power proportioned to the distance to be traversed, and the weight to be drawn, over a good, macadamised road. Now and then a brewer's dray, or some other slow team, comes along with a surplussage of power, but, in the majority of cases, the horses are not more than equal to their work, and, towards the end of the journey or the close of the day, they usually show symptoms of distress. To compel them to drag their waggons, vans, and carts over fifty or a hundred yards of rough, hard stones is to treble or quadruple the weight behind them. Their jaded limbs quiver,—they stop,—they are flogged,—they start again, with marks of distress,—the stones wound every tender hoof; and, finally, they emerge from the latest handiwork of the road-surveyor more punished, and with more “taken out of them,” than if a mile had been added to their journey. The horses of the cheaper omnibuses, especially when they carry a heavy load, are exceedingly distressed by these bits of new road. The whip is freely used all day at these points, as anyone may satisfy himself who will make use of his eyes, and, when drivers and waggoners are pressed for time, a great deal of cruelty is used. The pain and mischief to tender feet can scarcely be overrated. The whole tribe of spavined, sprained, and “groggy” horses must hold a newly-metalled road in the utmost horror. The owner of a good horse has his misgivings, and feels relieved when his horse does not limp or go lame after it; the poor “cabby,” with his Roman-nosed, tender-footed steed would gladly go half a mile out of his way to avoid it.

The injury to the springs of carriages is not so self-evident as the anguish of horse-flesh, but it deserves consideration. Our sociable landaus, park phaetons, light waggonettes, and miniature broughams with C-springs, often come to grief over these rough places. These light and delicate springs, when heavily weighted, receive more deterioration over a few patches of newly-macadamised road than in a hundred miles of fair work. The springs of light and heavy vehicles often snap and break under the jerkings and thumpings caused by the metal. A few weeks ago the omnibus proprietors south of the Thames served one of the vestries with notice of action for damages for injuries of this description sustained by their vehicles in the Walworth-road. Axles, tires, and wheels often give way, as well as springs.

The owners of horses and vehicles will be unanimous in condemning the present system. Let us now see if a remedy cannot be found. The steam traction-engine easily draws a load of forty and sixty tons. Why should not one of these engines, with one or more heavily-laden carriages, traverse incessantly the newly-metalled road, during the hours of the night and early morning, until the surface becomes smooth? The work has to be done, let us concede, by wheels. It is now done in a desultory way; it should be done upon system, and with all the aids that science can supply. It is now done by torturing and distressing the noblest animal entrusted to the care and destined for the service of man; it should be effected by the forces of inorganic nature—by iron and steam. The new Act for abolishing turnpikes in the metropolis, and the new Highways Act for country districts, place the management of the roads in public bodies entrusted with large administrative powers, and aim at the economy and efficiency belonging to an adequate organization extending over a wide area. Road surveyors might hire or contract for traction-engines, or share in the ownership, as farmers join in buying or hiring a steam threshing-machine. A Highway Board should no more be without a steam traction-engine than a Board of Harbour Commissioners or River Conservancy are without a steam dredging-machine. The one makes the harbour or the tidal stream navigable for vessels; the other makes the road suitable and convenient for horse and carriage traffic. If some modification of the present traction-engine should be required, our mechanicians would soon produce what is wanted, on being assured of a reasonable demand for the article, and a fair remuneration for their skill and labour.

While we await the advent of a road-reformer who will carry our system of road-making as much beyond Macadam as Sir Rowland Hill has carried our postal system beyond that devised by General Palmer, something may surely be done to obviate the more crying evils of the present plan of macadamization. The best judges hold that our roads ought to be mended by patches—sometimes the middle and then either side, as may be needed. The stones are then manufactured into a road gradually, imperceptibly, and without any great strain or

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hardship to the horses. A driver is seldom compelled to traverse the metal with both wheels, and then only for a few yards. In a road with much traffic one wheel is frequently upon the stones, but this is of less consequence when the horse is on the even surface. Considering the value of horseflesh, and the pressure of competition which compels the humbler class of carriers and dealers to use old and broken-down horses, it is of the greatest possible consequence to save a horse's feet from the stones. The road mended in the middle or on the side is the "half loaf" that is "better than no bread"—a modicum of improvement which would be thankfully accepted by public and private vehicles. A diminution in the size of the metal is also greatly required. Some of the French Imperial roads are the best in the world. The most rigid care is taken that the metal shall be small, and it is passed through wire sieves, which arrest all the pieces that exceed a specified size. As a rule, our suburban roads are mended with metal twice and three times the size of the French standard. The friction, the jolting, the difficulty of pounding the metal and making it "bind," are thus multiplied in geometrical proportion. A road-surveyor should have eagle eyes for large pieces of metal, as the worst enemies of horses' feet and carriage springs, and the use of the sieve before the metal is received from the contractors should be universal.

Our mechanical engineers claim to be the first in the world. Why are they not called upon to apply the resources of their science to an object of so much public importance? If the steam traction be not the best machine for pounding road-metal, let some engineer or mechanic show its defects, and devise something better. We assume that the metal must be made to cohere by heavy weights running upon wheels. Let us have the weights and wheels, then, by all means, but let them be the machines, and apparatus, and stock-in-trade of the road-makers. Why should not the Society of Arts offer a prize for the best essay or the best machine for manufacturing a road out of road-metal? It would be humane and economical to have the work done by teams of horses properly selected, working by relays, at the public charge, and passing over the new road until it is smooth. The proverb, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is especially true in road-making. But it would be a thousand times more humane, and, as we believe, much more economical, to bring the powers of steam and the agencies of metal into ceaseless operation on our roads and highways.

ALLEGED MASSACRE OF SWEDISH VOLUNTEERS.

THE Prussian troops so disgraced themselves at the bombardment of Sonderberg that credence has been given to some extent to a statement that, upon gaining possession of Alsen, after partial clearance of the battle-field, 400 Swedish volunteers on the Danish side were discovered, to whom no quarter was given. Lord Shaftesbury, in bringing the subject before the House of Lords, mentioned another of a Swedish officer who was left upon the field, when some Prussian soldiers coming up and seeing him alive, bayoneted him thrice upon the ground and left him for dead. He survived to tell his story to his brother, an officer in her Majesty's service. If these tales are true, the new Holy Alliance embraces, so far as Russia and Prussia are concerned, congenial hordes of savages. For we learn that lately, in the district of Gostyn, the Russians hanged a patriot named Enoch Schetolmann, who had covered himself with glory in the struggle against the enemy. The cord broke twice, and twice the victim fell to the ground. Canon Zinowski was fined fifty roubles for not having taken off, previously to the execution, the cross suspended round the victim's neck. Crosses erected in the villages expose the inhabitants to heavy fines, and are finally torn down by the Russians. Nay, General Mouravieff has, by a recent decree, declared every master who may be guilty of speaking any other language than Russian to his servants liable to a fine of 300 roubles.

THE AMERICAN BLOCKADE.

Is it possible that we hesitate to send agents to the Southern States to watch the working of the blockade, and study the defensive works at Charleston, Fort Sumter, Mobile, Richmond, &c., because Mr. Adams will not consent to our doing so, and our Government will not risk offending the Government at Washington. On whichever side men's sympathies may lean, there surely cannot be a doubt that the science by which, partly, the weaker Confederate States baffle the efforts of the North, with all its advantages to subdue them, must be worth the attention of a Great Power—one, too, so interested in all that appertains to the art of war, and especially in knowing what can be known of the working of the blockade. That of the South American ports has been successfully evaded in a vast number of instances, yet the Admiralty has no commissioner at Wilmington, or elsewhere, to study the system of showing lights to guide in-coming vessels, or any other conditions favourable for

their escape. General Grant marches round Richmond, and dares not attack it; he is foiled at Petersburg after gaining by a surprise the outer line of defences; yet we have no one at either place to study the fortifications which resist an army of more than a hundred thousand men. Will some member ask the Government why this is, and whether it is really because we truckle to America as we truckle to Germany?

THE ALDERSHOTT CAMP EXHIBITION.

THE effort to keep our soldiers at Aldershot out of harm's way by encouraging clubs—three huts to each—for reading, chess, draughts, bagatelle, and for refreshments, has been supplemented by giving them tools and materials for furniture-making, joinery, and turnery work. The latter appliances they have turned to such good account that there is now an Industrial Exhibition at the Camp of articles made by the soldiers themselves, together with works of art, and, indeed, works of all kinds produced by officers and their wives, soldiers and their wives, and soldiers and officers not blest with wives. Oddly enough, some of the best specimens of needlework proceed not from the weaker but the stronger vessels, and you may buy patchwork quilts, made by privates in the Foot Guards, which are models for pattern, tone, and colour. Quite as good are the woven or knitted wool counterpanes, which come from the same hands, or hands similar to them, which have manufactured model batteries and Armstrong guns. There is no lack of drawings in water colours, or of photographs. And you may spend any amount of money on mahogany furniture, turned, plain, and polished, which would make a London upholsterer turn green with envy.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE MEETING.

IN proportion to our disinclination to fight, martial displays increase. There was a grand review in Hyde Park on Monday last, and on next Monday and the days following the National Rifle Meeting will be held on Wimbledon Common, on a larger scale, with more entries and more prizes, and a bigger camp than hitherto. The shooting will commence on Tuesday, at one o'clock; on the following days at 9:30. This year the prizes will not be distributed at the Crystal Palace as formerly, but on the ground, by the Duke of Cambridge, previous to the review on the 23rd instant. Notice has been issued that the five-grooved Enfield Government pattern rifles are excluded from all competitions restricted to rifles of *bonâ-fide* Government pattern rifle, as used by the rank and file of the volunteer corps.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

SINCE the Queen must have a substitute in the fostering of those acts of public utility which laws can only protect after the patronage of Royalty has marked them for general favour, she could not have a better one than her eldest son, looking to his rank, to the double pledge he has given the country—in wife and son—and to the modest graciousness with which he acquits himself, whether presiding at a literary anniversary, or assisting at the annual feast of some ancient institution, or laying the foundation-stone of a new wing to a hospital. Monday saw him in the far East engaged in the last-named duty at the London Hospital. There is no part of London in which hospital accommodation is more needed than in Whitechapel and its neighbourhood, teeming with the poor of Bethnal-green, Spitalfields, Mile-end, their narrow streets and lanes densely crowded, rarely if ever free from sickness, and the scene of constant accidents. In the past year, what with in-door and out-door patients, the Hospital has ministered to between 30,000 and 40,000 cases, and an increasing population needs more wards and, for that purpose, a new wing. The Prince went on Monday to lay the foundation-stone of the new building, and the Princess of Wales went with him, and gave her name to it. It was a grand day for the far East, and the Royal visit was honoured with spectators at every point from which a view of the ceremony could be had, and at a vast number from which it could not. Patients able to leave their beds came to the windows to look on, and those who were not able had the comfort of seeing the Prince pass through their wards, and see for himself how they were cared for.

LAWYER TRUSTEES.

THE uncertainty of the law in this country, and the unsatisfactory nature of the relation between solicitor and client, form one of those striking anomalies which would seem to demand an immediate and sweeping remedy at the hands of a people so business-like and energetic as our own. Yet, though the public have for several years past heard a good deal about law reform, the result in the way of progress has been small. This may be because the Lord Chancellor has undertaken at one time more than he had any chance of carrying through in the face of the opposition he has to meet at every stage. No class possesses more perfect organization, or knows better how to concentrate its forces on the weak points of a legal scheme than the lawyers; but the Lord Chancellor sometimes, with a view to disarm their opposition, throws too much into their hands. Take, for instance, his bill for the remuneration of solicitors. Under one of its clauses there is a provision which looks almost as if it had been suggested by the solicitors themselves, by which when the lawyer to an

estate is also the trustee, he shall be entitled to charge the estate, as he might charge an ordinary client, for his professional services. If this becomes law, the full iniquity of our present system of unpaid trusteeships will be better understood, and prompt and radical changes will become necessary.

It is some time now since we advocated the formation of a trustee company, which should undertake for a small remuneration the duties now mostly devolving upon private friends, who are either ignorant of business, or have already too much of their own upon their hands, and are, therefore, incompetent to discharge the duties imposed upon them, and obliged to leave the trust practically in the hands of lawyers. By this delegation, it has come to pass that the members of the legal profession, in fact, rule the families of England. For this there is a clear remedy—the substitution, namely, of trustees whose sole business it shall be to attend to the working of trust estates. By this means we should save the millions we now waste upon lawyers, to say nothing of the delays and difficulties—not to speak of ruinous mishaps and defalcations—which are the patent and wide-felt defects of our present system. If the Lord Chancellor will act on this suggestion, and provide a remedy for these evils, he will strike a more telling blow at the undue influence of the legal profession than he could by any other means. That influence rests mainly on the helplessness of the existing race of trustees and the elaborate system of land tenure, now happily about to be swept away, after having for centuries lain like a night-mare on the possessions of the people.

OUR LAW COURTS.

THERE is, at last, a prospect of our seeing the Law Courts concentrated, and infinite delay and cost to solicitors and suitors saved. Two bills have been prepared for this purpose—a money and a site bill. The latter defines the area for the new courts, which will be bounded on the north by Carey-street and Yeates-street, on the south-west by Clement's-Inn, on the south by the Strand, and on the east by Bell-yard. The money bill takes £1,000,000 for the purpose of the new courts from the Suitors' Fee Fund, leaving £291,629 of that fund to meet the various charges to which it is liable. The total outside cost of the site and buildings will not exceed £1,500,000, and the difference will be made up by a Parliamentary grant.

THE COURTS AT GUILDHALL.

LAST year, when Mr. Justice Mellor was at Guildhall, he was obliged to adjourn the business because his court was so abominably ill-ventilated and inconvenient. He came into it last week hoping to find a better state of things, for he heard that it had undergone alterations, and he was meditating a well-merited compliment to the Corporation for what he supposed it had done. But it had done nothing. He found the court as bad if not worse than before; and on his first day's sitting, when he had been presiding about four hours, his eyes became so affected that he could hardly see to take a note. The peculiarity of this court—at least one of its peculiarities—is that, if the door is open, the jury catch cold; and if it is shut, judge, jury, and audience are smothered. There is ingenuity, of its kind, in this arrangement; but it is really too bad that a judge should be placed between the alternative of being suffocated or refusing to transact the public business.

A YORKSHIRE TROTTING-MATCH.

MR. W. GREEN, a Yorkshire gentleman, and Mr. John Robson, the keeper of an inn at Leeds, have drawn upon themselves the indignation of all humane men by a trotting-match between their horses, in which the distance to be run was fifty miles. The pace was severe, and when the innkeeper's mare fell once he attempted to prosecute the journey, and did so till the mare fell a second time. The poor beast was taken to the nearest stable, where in a few minutes she died. The winning horse, a celebrated trotter called "Jack Rossiter," did the distance in three hours and thirty minutes, traversing twenty-seven miles of it in an hour and forty minutes, and coming in at the end so exhausted that he had to be put under the care of a veterinary surgeon. This was brutal work on the part of both owners; and it is disappointing to see that, upon prosecution before the magistrates, Green got off with a fine of £5 and costs. Robson, the owner of the mare, was, we rejoice to say, sent to prison for a month, because he made her continue the race after she had fallen.

SUICIDES.

IF the growing practice of suicide is to be checked, it must be by abandoning the present system of indulgence when the attempt is unsuccessful, and substituting salutary punishment. At present, the severest treatment the would-be suicide receives is a week's imprisonment, not by way of punishment, but in order to give the prison chaplain an opportunity of administering good counsel. But this has no deterrent effect on others. Hardly a day passes but some girl crossed in love or reprimanded by her parents makes an attempt upon her life. It may be doubted whether, in many cases, these attempts are seriously meant. Certainly in some, when the girl finds herself in the water or under the influence of poison, she is glad enough to be out of the one or rid of the other. But their frequency acts as a pernicious example, and their

impunity as an encouragement to girls of morbid mind. There is no cure for this but imprisonment and hard labour; and we are glad to see that one, at least, of our magistrates, Mr. Cooke, of Worship-street, is determined to try the effect of this plan by sending cases of unsuccessful suicide to the sessions.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUTCHINSON.

IF it is true that Major-General Hutchinson persisted in directing the artillery practice to be continued over the waters of Plymouth Sound, in spite of remonstrances and obvious danger, it will be a matter of general satisfaction, as it is to the inhabitants of Plymouth and Devonport, that he is to be tried on the charge of manslaughter. Our readers will remember that on the 30th of May last a waterman was killed by a shell fired in Plymouth Sound. A coroner's inquest has investigated the circumstances, and given a verdict of manslaughter against the Major-General. His trial at the assizes will take place at the end of this month.

A "GENTLEMAN" SENTENCED TO HARD LABOUR.

IF, instead of dealing mildly with gentlemen who disgrace themselves, magistrates would punish them to the full extent of their powers, unprotected women might by-and-by be able to take the air in the public parks without insult. Nursemaids must resort to them, protected or unprotected, and there are "gentlemen" who, aware of this, prey upon these poor girls in one infamous way or other, seeking to deprave their minds by disgusting language or the exhibition of disgusting books. One of these scoundrels has just been convicted of both offences before Mr. Tyrwhitt, of Marlborough-street Police-court, in two several instances. He appears to have been an habitual offender. But for the next six months Kensington-gardens will be free from his contamination, and he will spend the interval in prison, three months for each case proved against him, with hard labour.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

THE new bridge is daily the scene of "blocks," against which people are crying out, and naturally, for there is no reason for them except a stupid mismanagement. The bridge has a tramway for heavy vehicles, and a carriage-road for vehicles not heavy; but the heavy vehicles get upon the road not meant for them, and one lazy waggon obliges the whole line to crawl, with the variation every now and then of a "block." The explanation appears to be, either that drivers of heavy vehicles will not or cannot conveniently get upon their own roadway. If they will not, they should be made to do so by policemen stationed at either end of the bridge; if they cannot, what has the First Commissioner of Works been about? Some heavy vehicles object that their tramway is in the wrong place, and that they have to draw out of line and right across the roadway at both ends of the bridge to get at it, whereas if it were on the sides and next the flags they would go on to it as a matter of course. Whatever may be the value of this explanation, it is quite absurd that a bridge built with a special view to facilitate the traffic over it should prove to be less convenient in this respect than the bridge it supplanted.

STREET MUSIC.

LOVERS of peace and quietness will be glad to know their rights under Mr. Bass's bill for the better regulation of street music. By the existing law, a housekeeper may require the street musician to depart from the neighbourhood of his house, on account of the illness of any inmate, or for other reasonable cause; but some magistrates have decided that only the housekeeper can exercise this right, and that the words "other reasonable cause" mean nothing. The new bill gives the right to the housekeeper personally, or by his servant, or by any police-constable; and adds to illness, as a ground for its exercise, "the interruption of the ordinary occupation or pursuits of any inmate of the house." But the offender must be given into custody by the person making the charge, who must also accompany the constable and his prisoner to the nearest police-station, and sign the charge-sheet. We confess our doubts as to the working of the bill. What is the "neighbourhood" of a house is not defined, and of course the omission opens a wide door to the evasion of the Act. We suspect, indeed, that when it has received the Royal assent, street music will be *in statu quo*—a fearful anticipation for ourselves in this "quiet" Southampton-street, where music resounds from morning till night, through the three degrees of comparison—bad, worse, worst.

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE.—The *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday, in an article describing the scene in the House during the previous night's debate, contrasts the speeches of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone:—"Seldom, if ever, has a great member of Parliament had so full and attentive an audience as Mr. Disraeli drew on this occasion; and, probably, there has seldom been a special party speech delivered under circumstances of less excitement, or which elicited so few cheers. Every point which was made was faithfully caught up by the Opposition; and, as many of that body were in the gallery opposite to their leader, their cheers reverberated with a sound as if they came from the supporters of the Government, producing an odd effect. But, in

truth, the incitement to burst out with spontaneity was sparse, the humorous invitations to laughter rare—the most pronounced being when Mr. Disraeli, reading what he designated a pathetic appeal from the Government to France for aid and co-operation, as it were put his voice into mourning, and whined out his words, concluding by a mock resort to his handkerchief. No doubt, when the moment of peroration came, the right hon. gentleman exerted himself vigorously, and went in for loud declamation; but there was effort in this, as there was all through the speech, and more than an ordinary tone of that coldness which seems constitutional in Mr. Disraeli, and which he does not escape from except when he flings responsibility to the winds, which was palpably by no means his intention on this motion. During the first three-quarters of this two hours and three-quarters' oration, Mr. Gladstone, following a custom with him when Mr. Disraeli is speaking, lay back in his seat, with his eyes closed, and seemed to court a slumber, suggestive of contemptuous inconsideration of what his opponent was saying, leaving to Mr. Layard to cull out quotations produced from the Blue-book which would have to be answered away. It was thus for a time supposed that the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs was to follow Mr. Disraeli; but, ere long, despite of his pre-conceived intention, Mr. Gladstone gave evidence that he was listening attentively, composing assiduously, and even taking furtive though copious notes. When his turn came, he sprang up with an alacrity which was encouraging to those who preferred to listen to him, to the restoration which others sought at the critical hour of half-past seven; for even the 'mighty master' of debate failed to keep all the assembly, which had mustered so thickly in every possible spot that could be occupied. Those who remained were well rewarded by hearing a speech which, as it was step by step an answer to that of Mr. Disraeli, was necessarily an impromptu; which combined argument, illustration, humour—more genuine humour than Mr. Gladstone often develops—sarcasm, high sentiment, and a boldness in defence which amounted to indignant and honest defiance; while the closing sentences rose to a height of eloquence which contrasted, with a happy effect, with the sterner and more practical, but not therefore the less powerful part of the speech, which was equal, and more, to the reputation of the speaker. If a speech could settle the political contest now going on, the debate might have ended there."

CONFEDERATE BLOCKADE RUNNERS.—The Southern correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Wilmington, gives an animated description of the blockade running by the Confederate ships. The following extract discloses a main secret of their success:—"My experience on board the *Lilian* leads me to anticipate for Captain Maffit and his vessel—a credit to her builders, Messrs. Thompson, of Glasgow—a long and prosperous career. An incident which occurred 200 miles from Wilmington, in a portion of the ocean which is constantly swept by Federal cruisers, seems worthy of record. Upon our port bow was descried a sail enveloped in a dense canopy of smoke. Time was ineffably precious—there was every reason to suspect Yankee guile, which is said to be nowhere more ferilely exhibited than in their conduct of the blockade; but it was deemed possible, after careful scrutiny, that the vessel might be on fire. Briefly remarking, 'The ship which leaves a companion at sea in distress must be accursed,' Captain Maffit ordered our course to be altered, and bore down upon the stranger. It soon became evident that she was a Federal cruiser, making a dense white smoke with her Cumberland coal, and beating rapidly eastward in apparent pursuit of another delinquent. The helm was rapidly changed, and our course resumed. Dark and inscrutable came on the noon, defying all possibility of an observation. It was believed that, ere the morrow's dawn should break, we might reach Wilmington, and onward we pressed. The night wore rapidly away; two o'clock, three o'clock, half-past three o'clock in the morning came, but by no eye peering through the thick gloom could the looked-for light at Fort Fisher be discerned. Then, as the morning dawned, we prepared to lay to for the day, between the outer and inner cordon of the blockaders. It was hardly to be expected that we should escape for sixteen hours unobserved, but it was a signal instance of good luck that from four in the morning till half-past one p.m. we were unmolested. Then the tall masts of a large Federal cruiser, her immense paddle-wheels and lofty black hull, were visible, and for the first time, as our antagonist approached us from the direction of Wilmington, the 'airy fairy *Lilian*' prepared to give us assurance of that speed which we all felt she possessed. Some slight delay there was before steam could be fully got up, and for some twenty minutes our pursuer seemed to gain upon us. But as the pressure of steam ascended from 15 pounds to 20, from 20 to 23, from 23 to 26, and as the revolutions of the paddle mounted from 26 to 28, from 28 to 33 per minute, the *Lilian* flew out to sea swift as arrow from a bow. In little more than two hours the hull of our pursuer was invisible, and her topgallant sails a speck upon the distant horizon."

THE EMPEROR AT FONTAINEBLEAU.—The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* thus alludes to the state kept up by Louis Napoleon at Fontainebleau:—"Let us go to Fontainebleau, where the Imperial Court is keeping in great state the last days of its stay in that regal residence. 'At Fontainebleau,' said Louis XIV., 'I am lodged like a king; at Compiègne like a peasant;' and certainly the present Emperor takes care that the prestige of Fontainebleau shall be continued. For instance, 200 horses are required for the service of the château; their *logement en roi* is the occupation of General Fleury; and visiting the stables is as much an institution at Fontainebleau as it is in any country house in the midland counties. There are separate stables for the studs of the Emperor, the Empress—who has fourteen horses for her own riding—and for the Prince Imperial, who has a pony yclept Jim, supposed to be the perfection of equine nature—diamond edition. The Emperor's favourite mounts are Hamilton and Stentor, hunters; and Buckingham and Walter Scott, hacks—the latter two thoroughbred English horses. Langiewicz and Bosphore are the Empress's favourite hacks, and Chevreuil her best hunter. Her excitement there are seventy harness horses employed in posting protest advertisements, to see which would repay all the trouble of a Fontainebleau. As to condition the whole stud is admirable,

and, in truth, the entire establishment is as superior to that of her Majesty's at Pimlico as a sound horse is to a cripple. The Emperor, too, will go fast; he has a pair of American trotters which can cover the ground between Paris and St. Cloud at a rate truly wonderful."

MR. ROEBUCK ON EARL RUSSELL.—None of the words I have heard uttered in this House are too strong to express my utter disapprobation of the manner in which the foreign policy of this country has been conducted by Lord Russell. (Cheers.) The noble lord seems to me to have mistaken his vocation—nature intended him for a schoolmaster, and fortune made him a statesman. (Laughter and cheers.) His great object seems to have been to read lectures to all Europe (hear, hear), and Europe very properly has said, "We don't intend to be lectured by you." (Hear, hear.) I believe there is nobody feels that more than the noble viscount opposite. (Hear, hear.) [Lord Palmerston made a gesture of dissent.] Yes, I see the noble lord shakes his head, but I know better. (Laughter.) Lord Russell seems to me to have been like the Old Man of the Sea, sitting on the noble lord's back. (Laughter.) I have no doubt myself that if the foreign policy of the Government had been conducted according to the wishes of the noble viscount we should never have been in this position. (Cheers.) But there are exigencies in all parties (hear, hear), and there may be people who are very disagreeable, but of whom it is impossible to get rid. (Laughter.) That, I believe, is the exact state of the noble lord's opinion on this matter. If Lord Russell had been sent to the other place with his earldom only and nothing to do, I am sure the noble viscount would have fancied himself a very happy man. (Loud laughter.) That is my opinion with regard to Lord Russell.—*Debate on Vote of Censure.*

HARVEST PROSPECTS IN RUSSIA.—A letter from St. Petersburg says:—"The magnificent appearance of the crops in all the agricultural districts of Russia have caused a fall of prices in the markets of the country. The stocks are so large, both in the warehouses and in the hands of the growers, that Russia is guaranteed from famine, even should there be bad crops for two or three years. This abundance, and the low prices of grain, permit the exportation on exceptionally favourable conditions. Likewise, the prices of alcohols have fallen so considerably during the last few months, that Russia may now compete in that article with Hamburg. The idea is entertained of exporting spirits on a large scale."

THE PRUSSIANS IN JUTLAND.—The hostile troops which passed through this town yesterday and the previous day availed themselves of the opportunity to destroy numerous valuable objects, the property of the English contractors for the railway, so as to prevent all traffic upon the line for a considerable period. They also destroyed several bridges in the neighbourhood, among others the railway bridge at Rendsholm, and cut down the telegraph wires along the railway. General Munster is reported to have given notice to Mr. Rowan, the English chief engineer of the line, that the railway bridge at Langan will be blown up on Monday next.—*Advices from Viborg.*

AUSTRIAN RIFLED GUNS.—On the 28th of June experiments were made with rifled guns and iron plates in the presence of the Emperor. The thickness of the plates used is not known to the public, but certain it is that they were neither smashed, pierced, nor cracked. The gun used was a 48-pounder; the shot, which were of cast steel, weighed half a cwt.; the charge of powder was about 14 lb. English. Though 40 shots were fired at a distance of 500 yards, no injury was done to the plates, to which, by an ingenious contrivance, considerable elasticity has been given. Notwithstanding that the gun used was loaded at the breech, the gunners did not once miss the object at which they fired.—*Vienna Letter.*

THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.—The Queen has directed letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, appointing the Duke of Richmond, Lord Stanley, Dr. Lushington, Judge of the Court of Admiralty, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, the Right Hon. T. O'Hagan, Attorney-General for Ireland, Messrs. J. Moncrieff, her Majesty's Advocate for Scotland, Horatio Waddington, John Bright, William Ewart, Gathorne Hardy, George Ward Hunt, and Charles Neate, to be commissioners to inquire into the provisions and operation of the laws now in force in the United Kingdom under and by virtue of which the punishment of death may be inflicted upon persons convicted of certain crimes, and also into the manner in which capital sentences are carried into execution.—*Gazette.*

M. BERTINETTI, an Italian gentleman, has, after many years' study, succeeded in inventing a curious kind of projectile, which, by throwing a rope, will be of great use in saving the crews of ships wrecked on the coast. He had an interview a few days ago with the Emperor, who will probably accept the presidency of a philanthropic society, which will have stations on the coast, and use this invention.

THE "NEW CLUB."—This club, the formation of which we announced some short while back, has within the brief period of its existence recruited upwards of 500 members. The total number of members will be 2,000, and the club will shortly be opened in a temporary club-house, pending the erection of a permanent one, for which designs are being prepared by one of our most eminent architects.

THE SAVOY CHURCH IN THE STRAND.—On Thursday this venerable church was destroyed by fire—completely gutted. On the alarm being given the organ was found in a blaze, and almost instantly flames burst out in every part of the edifice. A portion of the plate and some of the books were saved.

WE hear from Constantinople that the Sultan has changed the colour of the commercial flag of the Ottoman Empire. It was formerly a red ground with a white crescent. It will henceforth have a red ground with a white cross in a red disk.

A FUNERAL concert which was to have taken place in Rome in honour of Meyerbeer was stopped by the ecclesiastical authorities because the composer was a Jew.

BLONDIN has made his *débat* at the Hippodrome in Paris. Ten thousand persons were present to witness his performance, amongst whom the greatest excitement prevailed.

THE Empress, we read in a French paper, lately gave quite an original entertainment at Fontainebleau—a fishing party by torch-light.

GARIBALDI'S foot, we learn from *L'Italie*, is quite cured at last. His secretary, however, has just written a letter, published in the *Popolo d'Italia*, begging that no one will visit him.

SEVERAL trials have lately been made in France of iron paving for roads, and, from the accounts we read, it appears that they have been very successful.

A TELEGRAPHIC treaty has been concluded between France and Italy, by which a telegram from any part of France to any part of Italy will cost only four francs.

THE *Kölnische-Zeitung* has been seized by the Prussian authorities, for having published an article stating that the Holy Alliance really exists.

THE Franco-Spanish International Exhibition will open on the 10th of July.

THE CHURCH.

THE EVANGELICAL CLERGY AND MR. SPURGEON.

A PECULIAR but forcible expression, hitherto unknown to Theology, has just been introduced into the language of pulpit literature; and by a no less celebrated preacher than Mr. Spurgeon. The occasion was a momentous one, on which a weak point of the Established Church was to be probed, and therefore strong language and peculiar phraseology were indispensable. Acting under the same imperative sense of duty and conscious innocence which impelled him to designate the baptismal font of the church of Bury St. Edmund's "a spittoon," Mr. Spurgeon declares publicly in his pulpit that, to a large section of the clergy of the Established Church, truth and falsehood are no more than matters of "tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum." The sermon in which this impeachment was made has just been published; the theme is Baptismal Regeneration; and, as a matter of course, on such a subject, a corner is reserved for the Established Church and its clergy. No one blames Mr. Spurgeon for disproving, to the best of his ability, baptismal regeneration, or any other doctrine which he believes to be false, whatever be the church holding it; for this it is clearly his duty to do. But the case is very different when men, and not doctrines, are impeached, and the preacher presumes hastily, but wittingly, to pronounce judgment on the honesty and truthfulness of other men, ministers of the Gospel, labouring equally with himself, though in a different way, in the common cause of Religion.

Mr. Spurgeon's particular gravamen is, that "many good men who do not believe in baptismal regeneration continue to belong to a Church which teaches it in the plainest terms." He rejoices, indeed, and no doubt with the best intentions, "in the enlightenment of these good men;" but he "gravely questions their morality." Their want of straightforwardness is calculated, he thinks, to debauch the public mind, and "to lead worldly men to imagine that words have no meaning among ecclesiastics, and that vital differences in religion are merely a matter of tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum." This is certainly very shocking, that "good men," most of them of the Evangelical section of the Church, who have been generally supposed to be zealous even to excess on vital points of religion, should make them matters of such trifling importance. Mr. Spurgeon is, in fact, quite horrified at the want of morality, the honesty, consistency, and truthfulness in these clergy. "To take oath," he says, "that I sincerely assent and consent to a doctrine which I do not believe would, to my conscience, seem little short of perjury, if not absolute downright perjury; but those who do so must be judged by their own Lord. For me to take money of a Church, and then preach against what are most evidently its doctrines—for me, I say, to do this—for me, or for any other simple honest man, to do so, were an atrocity so great, that, if I had perpetrated the deed, I should consider myself out of the pale of truthfulness, honesty, and common morality." This he further pronounces to be "one of the grossest pieces of immorality perpetrated in England, and most pestilential in its influence; since it directly teaches men to lie whenever it seems necessary to do so in order to get a living, or to increase their supposed usefulness. It is, in fact, an open testimony from priestly lips that falsehood may express truth, and that truth itself is an unimportant nonentity."

This assault is, however, but the preparation for battle—a mere reconnaissance—to be followed up by the grand *coup*, under the weight of which the Church of England is to be prostrated in the dust at the feet of Mr. Spurgeon. He has preached a second sermon on Regeneration, bolder and more uncompromising than the first, in which he implores Christians to come out of the Church which teaches for doctrines the commandments of men:—"Flee out of her, all ye who love your souls. Come ye out from among her; be ye separate: touch not the unclean thing, for her plagues are many." He laments the present degradation of England, when her sons will "sell their consciences, cower down and mutter a lie at the command of the State, and will bury adulterers and seducers in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection, for pelf, for station, for loaves and fishes—the men of God."

Now, what is all this fire and smoke, fume and clatter about? Is there really any truth at the bottom of all this

empty but mischievous declamation? Throw all your strength into your adjectives is advice, as to popular preaching, of which Mr. Spurgeon evidently knows the value. Truth to the minds of the Evangelical clergy of the Established Church, against whom this thunderbolt is hurled, is "an unimportant nonentity." It would have been bad enough if it had been merely a nonentity; but it is far more—it is an *unimportant* nonentity. Now we know of no nonentity which more closely approaches this description than Mr. Spurgeon's knowledge of the Church's teaching on Baptismal Regeneration, so far, at least, as it is displayed in his sermon. Mr. Spurgeon is either ignorant of the several respective views which are taken by the clergy of the question, or he is carried away by Baptist zeal and proselytising ends to seek the aggrandizement of his own sect at the expense of the very love of truth, for not valuing which he denounces the Established clergy. In either case, his culpability is the same. The decision on the Gorham Controversy ought, assuredly, have long since taught him that the real question is about the acceptance of a term. He should have known that a wide latitude of interpretation is not only allowed by the Church as to the expression "Baptismal Regeneration," but is from the antiquity and history of the term unavoidable; and that, therefore, Churchmen may hold very different views as to the thing, and be at the same time perfectly consistent and honest. But no; this does not suit Mr. Spurgeon. His position is essentially on this very question one of antagonism to the Church; and he must therefore force on the term but one meaning, and that the one which represents the views of the extreme High Church party, who alone, according to Mr. Spurgeon, are the honest men of the Church. "Regeneration" must mean "a mechanical salvation"—"a regeneration connected with a peculiar application of aqueous fluid;" and all who have office in the Church holding views less than this are rogues and liars, seeking pelf, and prospering by falsehood.

Mr. Spurgeon's argument throughout, in method and cogency, reminds one of the logic of the peasant, who would argue that, because in fact a camel could never go through a needle's eye, every rich man must be inevitably excluded from heaven. Of course the peasant would argue that the words were plain and unmistakable in meaning. The exact counterpart is Mr. Spurgeon's logic. He does not examine the context, he will not inquire into the history of the question; he shuts his eyes and closes his ears to the usual interpretations adopted by Church parties and recognised by ecclesiastical tribunals; and then he exclaims—"Here are the words; we quote them from the Catechism, which is intended for the instruction of youth, and is naturally very plain and simple." "Nothing," he adds, "can be plainer. I venture to say that, while honesty remains on earth, the meaning of these words will admit of no dispute." And then, again, as to the language of the Baptismal Service—"It is scarcely less plain, seeing that thanks are expressly rendered to Almighty God, because the person is 'regenerate.'" And thus, after begging the whole question, he jumps to his foregone conclusion, that "this is the clear and unmistakable teaching of a Church calling itself Protestant."

Now, assuredly this is not argument but assertion; not fair dealing, but misrepresentation; not Christian charity, but party zeal; and good men and wise men of even Mr. Spurgeon's congregation will think so. Such questionable assumption of the functions of a judge will, moreover, injure him personally; it will damage him publicly. Already has he lost the friendship of influential clergy and laymen of the Church. The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, who, on his solicitation, had consented to preside at the inauguration of Bromley Chapel, has declined to fulfil his engagement, and solely on account of this sermon. Mr. Spurgeon professes to be ready to brave all these consequences, satisfied to answer for his candour at "the Bar of God." But we must remember that there are other things for which a preacher must answer there as well as this plain speaking—for breaches of charity, for instance, and acts of imprudence destructive of his own influence. Mr. Spurgeon has brought a "railing accusation" against the Evangelical clergy. If there be any of them who do not in any sense believe in regeneration, his remarks may apply; but they are indeed but a small minority. The question which, in that case, we would put, is this—Can he point out, or name, any denomination so pure in its membership that some few cannot be found insincerely holding office and actuated by worldly motives? If he can, and if his own denomination be that incorrupt and happy one, then let Mr. Spurgeon cast the accuser's stone.

THE SCHOOL CHAPLAINS' BILL.

THIS bill has passed the committee of the Lords, though not without some opposition, and is likely, in due course, to become law. Its object seems a reasonable one—to enable principals of endowed schools, having chapels, in a legal way to do what now is done indirectly or by evasion. The Head Masters of such schools as Harrow or Eton are, at present, supposed to have obtained the permission of the rectors of their respective parishes to have service in their school chapels. This permission may be an old right of the clergy, but we think it is one the invasion of which by the bill they will scarcely ever feel, while the advantage in the way of security to the school, that its arrangements will not be interfered with from time to time by wrong-headed rectors, are easily obtained. The bill also provides that, where there is no school chapel, the ordained masters, with the permission of the bishop, may obtain from time to time, and the licence of the bishop.

services in the parish church for the boys. This, no doubt, will be felt to be also a valuable privilege, though it is not difficult to foresee estrangements. The fears expressed by extreme parties, that High Church practices, on the one hand, and Nonconforming prayers, on the other, will be introduced into schools, have scarcely foundation.

BRISTOL CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE programme of this year's Church Congress has been just announced. Its meetings will be held in Bristol on the mornings, afternoons, and evenings of the 11th, 12th, and 13th of October; and the subjects to be discussed will be, for the first day, Ecclesiastical Organization and Extension; for the second, General and Practical Work of the Church; and for the third, Education. From the details which have appeared in the newspapers, it is evident that the managers contemplate having the debates as much on practical subjects as possible, avoiding all controverted questions of reform. This is, no doubt, a prudent course, considering that all such questions are, for the present, in a great degree suspended by the Royal Commission which is sitting on Subscription.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF DISTRESS.

A word to recommend this useful society will not be out of place. It is the very kind of organization which the poverty of London loudly calls for. The Bishop of London is bravely struggling to relieve spiritual destitution; but we all know how little clergymen and Scripture-readers can do where pinching poverty interposes to bar all access to the soul. If ever the Bishop's scheme is to succeed thoroughly, it must be by some companion organization like this going before to relieve bodily destitution; and we know of no society more likely, or more capable of performing such a part than the one before us. Its object is to bring the charity of the wealthy West-end to the poorer districts, and to do so "by making benevolence allow its brain, as well as its heart, to act by bringing system, combination, and co-operation to the work."

The society's office is at 28, King-street, St. James's. It is only four years in existence, but yet is making rapid strides. Its receipts for the past year were £4,317. 7s. 8d., exceeding by £1,050 those of the preceding one; and yet it would require ten times its present resources to thoroughly establish the system it has in view. It should also be mentioned that all the expenses of management are defrayed by a separate committee, called "the Guarantee Committee," out of the private resources of its members.

MIXED SERMONS.

AN action, which suggests some serious questions as to the Church, was brought under public notice last week in the Sheriffs' Court. The defendant, a clergyman, was sued by the plaintiff for £42. 14s. 6d. for sermons, written and lithographed, supplied for his pulpit. It appeared a large sum; but the debt was clearly established, as the items proved, the specification of which created no little amusement. A "Special Written Sermon," preached, no doubt, on some great occasion, was charged one guinea. "Ordinary Special Sermons" were charged 5s. each, and "Harvest Sermons," 2s. 6d. Ordinary sermons were of course something less. Altogether, the preacher had received 326 sermons, that is, about eight sermons for each pound of his money. Mr. Commissioner Kerr did not think the charge too high, and so verdict was given for the plaintiff. Now, one naturally thinks that this is a very disgraceful practice, which needs reform; and so it is. But what can be done? Nothing, until we can get at the root of the evil; and that lies deeper than is commonly supposed. The traffic is a confession of incompetence somewhere; and no one need wonder at its continuance as long as merit is not the sole rule of promotion in the Church. It is partly also a consequence of the defective training, or no training, in English composition and public speaking in the Divinity schools of our Universities. These causes, together with indolence and want of heart in some cases, over-work in others, and utter incompetence in a few more, are sufficient to account for a traffic which arises out of the law of demand and supply as naturally as any other trade does, and which is likely to continue, notwithstanding exposure and remonstrance.

BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUND.—A meeting in support of this fund was held last Saturday at the Court-house, Marylebone. The Bishop stated that, though he had calculated only on raising £100,000 in each of the proposed ten years, the amount subscribed last year had reached £150,000. The sum of £60,000 had already been paid in; and of this £22,000 during the past twelve months had been expended in providing 30 additional clergymen, 24 Scripture-readers, 7 missionary women, 8 school charities, and 18 new churches. This, it will be seen, is a large instalment of the 100 clergymen, 100 Scripture-readers, and other agents contemplated by the fund. These results afford ground for hope that, under the more perfect organization of collection which is being now introduced, the originally proposed million will be finally realized.

THE BISHOP OF CAPETOWN IN NATAL.—It is announced that Bishop Gray, of Capetown, has visited the diocese of Natal, and throughout promulgated his sentence of deposition against Dr. Colenso. Some excitement was created in St. Paul's Church, Durban, owing to a protest against his proceedings having been sent in by the church-

wardens and other members of the congregation; and several left the church before the sentence was read. Bishop Gray has sent a written reply to the protest, in which he alleges that he came, at the earnest request of the clergy of Natal, who had determined never again to recognise Dr. Colenso as their bishop, to take charge, in his capacity of Metropolitan, of the vacant diocese. He is of opinion, also, that but few of the subscribers sympathise with Dr. Colenso. We fear that these proceedings are premature. It is believed that the result of Dr. Colenso's appeal will be a denial of the Metropolitan's jurisdiction, and that the proceedings will be quashed. In that case Dr. Colenso will bring an action against Bishop Gray for damages. The question will come before the Privy Council in November.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.—This society has just made provision for a wider and cheaper circulation of its tracts. There are on its catalogue about 1,200 tracts of various sizes, from four to thirty-two pages each, and the proposal of the committee is to supply any applicants, whose purpose is proved to be disinterested, with a stock comprising 8,000 pages of matter, in tract or handbill, for the small sum of seven shillings and sixpence.

THE BOYS' REFUGE, WHITECHAPEL.—A large party assembled on the 1st of the present month, at the Boys' Refuge in Commercial-street, to inspect the various shops into which it is divided, and to witness the boys under training performing the operations of tailoring, shoemaking, wood-chopping, &c. A meeting was afterwards held in the covered playground, at which the Earl of Shaftesbury presided. He stated that the institution had been productive of the most happy results. It was calculated that there were 30,000 children in London roaming about in vice and idleness, forming, as it were, a huge "seed-plot of crime." He has had many conversations with thieves and burglars, and they all agree that Ragged Schools and Refuges would put a stop, in a great degree, to criminal occupations. These men had a horror of a life from which they could not themselves escape, and would be glad to see their own children rescued. The proceedings were brought to an agreeable close by refreshments in the boys' school.

MR. SPURGEON'S "SPITTOON."—It is stated in the *Record* that Mr. R. D. Robjont, of Bristol, on seeing the newspaper accounts that Mr. Spurgeon had called the baptismal font at Bury St. Edmunds a "spittoon," wrote to Mr. Spurgeon requesting a confirmation or contradiction of the report; and that the only answer which he received was a copy of the offensive sermon on "Baptismal Regeneration." On this, it appears, Mr. Robjont wrote a second letter; but as to the demand made in it Mr. Spurgeon is again silent. Is not this a confession of the truth of the report, and a confirmation of the Scripture-reader's testimony?

THE CHURCH CENSUS IN IRELAND.—An interesting paper has been just published by the Rev. Edward Butler, of Kilmokea, co. Wexford, on the relative increase of the Protestant population of Ireland in districts in which missionary work is being carried on. He shows that the proportion of Protestants to Roman Catholics is now very much greater than it was in 1834, notwithstanding the more than ordinary emigration which has taken place among the converts. A few instances will illustrate his general argument. In Ballindoon, in Galway, the numbers, in 1834, were 54 to 5,612; in 1861 they were 305 to 3,956. In the important town of Fermoy, co. Cork, in 1834, they were 789 to 7,071; in 1861 they were 2,154 to 7,397. In Ballyovie, Mayo, in 1834, they were 17 to 4,303; now they are 202 to 2,633. Mr. Butler gives a list of altogether thirty-two parishes from which the above figures are at random taken, which show all a similar increase.

THE IRISH REGIUM DONUM.—In the debate in Parliament on this grant to the Irish Presbyterian clergy, which was first made so far back as the reign of William III., it was stated that the Protestant Nonconformists of Ireland were quite able to support their own clergy. "An Irish Presbyterian Minister" has just published a letter showing that this is not the case. Thirty-one Independent ministers in Ireland drew from the Irish Evangelical Society of England no less than £4,000. The Baptist ministers, a small body, are allowed by the Irish Baptist Society a somewhat smaller sum. The Wesleyans receive from the funds of the English Conference about £1,500 for circuit and mission purposes; and the Primitive Methodists obtain annually from Scotland near £1,000. Irish Nonconformity is, therefore, not self-supporting; and so far the argument for taking from the Presbyterians what is theirs by the oldest prescriptive right, is devoid of foundation.

BROTHER IGNATIUS.—This persisting zealot is determined to force himself into unenviable notoriety. The evening sermon which he lately delivered at St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster-square, was quite a sensation. The style was, as we are informed by a hearer, thoroughly dramatic, descending at times even to buffoonery. The exordium was characteristic. After reading a rather long text, he suddenly cast down his Bible on the desk, and remarked that possibly the congregation were, from the length of the text, expecting a dry sermon. Then came a brief pause, followed by a sudden exclamation, delivered with great energy, which seemed to take everyone by surprise—"The Lord deliver us from dry sermons." Of course the sermon was not dry. It was listened to with much curiosity and attention. The sum and substance seemed to be that the great vice of the ladies of fashionable society of the day was devotion to balls and operas, fifty-guinea dresses, and riding in Rotten Row. The language was coarse, and at times even offensive.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—The eighteenth annual meeting of this Alliance was opened in Edinburgh on Tuesday morning last, in a building admirably adapted for the purpose belonging to the United Presbyterian Church. The admission to the meetings was at first by tickets at sixpence for each meeting, but this was afterwards given up on its being shown that such charges were contrary to the usual practice of the Alliance. It is said that there were not more than 300 persons present, and that the social accommodation and hos-

pitality for visitors was far inferior to that provided last year in Dublin. There were only a very few English clergymen and laymen at the meeting, though the Scotch ministers mustered in considerable force.

ENGLISH STATUARY DEIFIED.—An American missionary writes that, in the city of Kolapoor, in India, in which the first Christian church has been just erected, "the statue of Lord Cornwallis in the Town-hall is worshipped by the ignorant classes of Hindoos with as much reverence as is paid by them to the images of Bram or Shive. This superstitious practice has lately extended itself to the Mahomedans. The worshippers are mostly women."

MISSIONARY SHIPS.—Another American missionary ship has been built on the Pacific coast, named the *Evening Star*. She was despatched from San Francisco to join the *Morning Star*, which was built some years ago at Boston. Both vessels were built and fitted out by the Sunday-school children in the Atlantic States and California.

THE OXFORD DECLARATION IN CANADA.—In the account we gave last week of the reception of this document in Canada, the diocese of Huron was not included among those by the clergy of which it had been signed. The reason of the absence of this diocese from the list is simple and satisfactory. Bishop Cronyn has given notice of his intention to lay the matter before his synod, and thus to get the concurrence of the laity as well as of the clergy in one general expression of opinion. This, of course, has necessitated some delay.

THE ENGLISH ORDER OF ST. BENEDICT.—The brethren of this order, of which Brother Ignatius is the most noted, have commenced a series of pilgrimages in Norfolk. The clergyman who seems at present to identify himself most with their proceedings is the Rev. E. A. Hillyard, Rector of St. Lawrence, Norwich. Twenty-three clergymen of the diocese have "earnestly and affectionately" remonstrated with him, but to no purpose. After "prayerful attention" to their counsel, he declines to discontinue his practices, notwithstanding the fact that Brother Ignatius is under sentence of inhibition, and is acting in contempt of the Bishop.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

M. GOUNOD's latest work, "Mireille," produced at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday, if it will not add to the reputation of the composer of "Faust," will certainly not detract from it in the estimation of those who can appreciate thoughtful refinement and careful finish in art. In these days, when almost every small pianist sets up for a composer of opera or oratorio, generally possessing neither ideas nor the skill to use them, a special welcome should be accorded to one who pursues his art with earnest endeavour at excellence for its own sake, devoid of the petty personal vanity or mere mercenary motive which are now too frequently the chief, if not the only, incentives to what, in such cases, is mis-called composition. In almost every work of M. Gounod's is to be recognised that purity of intention which distinguishes the true artist from those pretenders whose coarse and empty platitudes have been of late so often thrust on public attention.

M. Gounod has not been so fortunate in the book of "Mireille" as in that of "Faust." Realistic and melodramatic as may be the French version of Goethe's poem, it offers good opportunities for picturesque effects, and strong contrasts of passions and emotions. The subject of "Mireille," simple and pastoral as it is, might well have served for a slighter work, of two or three acts; but when prolonged to the proportions of a grand opera, four long acts (five in its present representation), the dramatic interest is too small, the action too limited to sustain the attention during the time occupied in performance.

"Mireille" (or "Mirella," according to its Italian title) is founded on a rustic and pastoral subject (the scene laid in Provence) very similar in character to that of Meyerbeer's "Dinorah." A simple tale of village love, jealousy, and madness, with a slight infusion of the supernatural, is the groundwork of the plot in both instances. Mirella's love for Vincenzo, a poor basket-maker, her persecution by Urrias, whose suit is favoured by her father, the parent's curse, the supposed death of the favoured lover by the hand of his rival, the madness and death of Mirella—such are the incidents which are elaborated and elongated into the text for a grand opera occupying four hours in performance.

M. Gounod's music is characterized by a quiet pastoral beauty and poetical idealism that are full of charm and interest, and he has imparted a rustic character, without vulgarity, that gives a distinct tone and colour to the work. It is in these characteristics that he excels rather than in dramatic force and passion, or the distinctions of individual characterization. The opera commences with an overture of some length, neither very elaborate nor very artificial in structure, but based on two charming subjects, and instrumented with the grace and skill of a master. The introductory chorus, for female voices, a *due* ("Facciam carole"), is exquisite for its grace and freshness of melody and the delicate lightness of the orchestration. A long duet between Mirella and Vincenzo, containing much graceful music, leads to a resumption of the commencing chorus, with which the first act concludes. The second act opens with a chorus and dance, in which is much animation, but little special character beyond the rustic effect produced by the frequent use of the drone bass. The "Canzone di Magali," "Dolce una brezza," is written in alternate bars of $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{2}{4}$ time—a rhythmical device similar to the use of $\frac{4}{4}$ time by Boieldieu in "La Dame Blanche." The effect, although not new, is character-

istic. The canzone, "La Stagione," sung by the supposed witch Tavena, will probably be one of the most popular pieces in the opera, being quaint and original, yet clear and simple in character. It was admirably sung by Madame Trebelli, the charm of whose voice, however, somewhat contradicted the unattractive "make-up" of her witch's attire. Mirella's aria, "Ah! più non temo," the principal opportunity afforded to that character for the display of florid vocalization, is well written for its purpose, and, without being remarkable for novelty of idea, it has that completeness which the artist's hand imparts to all that it touches. In Urrias' scena, "Se l'Arleesi," intended to express the savage and rugged nature of the vindictive lover, M. Gounod is scarcely so happy as in the lighter and more genial portions of his work. Sunshine, and not storm, is the aspect under which his genius appears to greatest advantage. As in "Faust," where the music of the love-scenes so far transcends that of the tragic situations, so in "Mireille," the earlier portion, where pastoral simplicity and rustic contentment are the prevailing features, M. Gounod is more successful than in the subsequent more serious situations. The admirable manner in which Mr. Santley sang and declaimed the aria just referred to would have given significance to music of less value. The finale to this (second) act, in which Mirella's father curses her, her lover and his father protesting and imploring, and the other characters sympathising and lamenting, is the best concerted piece in the opera, being wrought with a vigour and dramatic contrast worthy of Meyerbeer. The charming solo of Mirella, "Qui mi prosto," the phrases of which are afterwards reiterated by Vincenzo, intermixed with the concerted music of the other characters, is full of a simple pathos which contrasts admirably with the fury of Raimondo (her father) and the general conflict of emotions. This movement is the culminating point of the opera, the musical interest of the subsequent scenes being but faintly maintained. The next act opens in the valley of Averno, where Urrias, the rejected suitor, seeks the aid of the supposed witch Tavena. The situation is one requiring the genius of Weber or Mendelssohn to illustrate with music of a sufficiently weird-like and fantastic character. M. Gounod has striven hard to impress a savage and supernatural tone upon this scene, but has succeeded less than in the earlier portion of his work. The harmonies are strained and the general effect broken and uneven. Vincenzo's aria in this scene, however, "Ah, se de' prieghi miei," is a charming piece of unaffected cantabile, well suited to Signor Giuglini's suave style of vocalization. This piece will probably be among the popular extracts from the opera. The long and elaborate duet which follows, between Vincenzo and Urrias, scarcely fulfils the exigencies of the situation. The savage wrath and fury of Urrias and the deprecatory pathos of Vincenzo, ending in the supposed assassination of the latter by the former, require an intensity and impetuosity that are scarcely so characteristic of M. Gounod's genius as the gentler and less demonstrative emotions. The movement, however, contains many effective passages, which derived every advantage from the admirable declamatory singing of Mr. Santley. The chorus of rejoicing at the harvest-feast has life and brightness, although no strongly-marked character or originality. In the scene of the desert of Crò, in crossing which on her pilgrimage Mirella receives the sunstroke that causes her madness, a charming rustic "canzone" is introduced, preceded by a long symphony, "Cornamusa," in which the "drone" effect of the bagpipe is most happily imitated in the orchestra, giving an admirable impression of rude harmony without coarseness or vulgarity. This air was charmingly sung by Mdle. Volpini, who played the small part of the peasant boy Andreuno with much quaint simplicity. An impassioned air, "Ecco la vasta landa," sung by Mirella, when, under the influence of her delirium, she fancies she beholds the city of Jerusalem, gives good scope for some fine declamatory singing by Mdle. Titiens, who, unlike the composer, appears to greater advantage in this demonstrative scena than in the earlier and more tranquil scenes. The solemn march and hymn, of which the last act chiefly consists, has so much quaintness of character that it would appear to be founded on some local melody. The use of the "drone" bass, to which M. Gounod so frequently recurs during the opera, serves to maintain the rustic and pastoral character of the work. It is impossible, however, to avoid a feeling of a certain monotony arising from the want of greater variety of style in an opera of such length. The general prevalence of a dreamy kind of beauty, and the absence of strong dramatic impulse in intense situations, seem to mark out M. Gounod's genius as better suited to works of smaller proportions and lighter emotions than such as belong to the form of grand opera. As before said, however, the touch of the genuine artist is manifest throughout the work—the instrumentation, as well as many of the phrases, reminding us frequently of "Faust." In his use of the orchestra M. Gounod is always happy: without producing many absolutely new effects, those that he does command are full of grace and charm. His use of the oboe (which seems a favourite instrument with him) is most felicitous, and equally so is the effect of streaming melody which he imparts to his violin passages. The opera has been somewhat reduced and altered from its Parisian shape, and will still be all the better for further retrenchment, although it is questionable whether the dramatic effect is not lessened by the omission of some of the supernatural effects which were given in the original French representation. The performance at Her Majesty's Theatre was admirable in all respects. Although there are many parts better suited to Mdle. Titiens, she gave her best energies to the music and the scene, and was thoroughly

successful at least in the later and more serious situations. Besides the artists already mentioned, Signor Junca must be specified for his excellent performance as the stern father of Mirella. In the scene where he discards his daughter, he rose to a height of vocal and declamatory power which he has never before displayed here. Signor Gassier, too, was thoroughly efficient as Ambrogio, the father of Vincenzo; while the small part of Vincenzina was rendered as interesting as possible by Mdle. Reboux, a new appearance from Paris. There is some very beautiful scenery, especially the "Arena of Arles," and the "Valley of Averno;" and great care and expense have been bestowed in the general "getting up" of the work. The efficiency of all concerned was remarkable for a first performance. Doubtless much of this is owing to the skill and energy of Signor Ardit, with whom we have but one fault to find, in his tolerance of the unmitigated strength of the brass instruments, the unmeasured energy of which frequently destroys the nice balance of M. Gounod's delicate instrumentation. The opera is published, with various texts, and under different forms and arrangements, by Messrs. Boosey, of Holles-street.

The last Monday Popular Concert was given this week for the benefit of the Director. The programme, although containing no novelty, derived a special interest from the assemblage of such artists as Madame Arabella Goddard, Mr. Charles Hallé, Messrs. Joachim, Wieniawski, and Sims Reeves. These entertainments will be resumed, as usual, in the autumn.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE only dramatic event of the week has been the revival of John O'Keeffe's old-fashioned comic opera, or melodrama, "The Castle of Andalusia," which was produced by Mr. Buckstone at the Haymarket, on his benefit-night, July the 6th, the last night of the season. "The Castle of Andalusia" has always been a favourite Haymarket piece, though it was originally played at Covent Garden, and the inventor of its music, Dr. Samuel Arnold, in the last century, filled the post of musical composer at both houses. When it was first performed at Covent Garden Theatre, Nov. 28, 1781, it was called, "The Banditti; or, Love's Labyrinth," and was so completely rejected by the audience that it was at once withdrawn. The chief fact of much literary importance in connexion with this first performance is that Mrs. Inchbald, then unknown as an authoress, played a part in the opera—the Marchioness de Quintano. O'Keeffe was more disappointed at its want of success than might have been expected in a well-paid author of so many popular pieces, but he soon set to work to remodel the play, and to try it once more on the public. After he had altered the dialogue, the story, and some of the songs, it was again produced at the same theatre—Covent Garden—under the title of "The Castle of Andalusia," on Nov. 2nd, 1782, and was so well received that it was acted thirty-eight times the first season—a long "run" in those days. "Flow, thou regal purple stream," "A master I have, and I am his man," and several songs which were in the "Banditti" version immediately became popular, so fickle is the public taste. In the first cast of characters, Don Scipio was played by Wilson, Fernando by Mattocks, Spado by Quick, Pedrillo by Edwin, Alphonso by Kennedy, Don Caesar (originally called Ramirez) by Reinhold, Victoria by Miss Harper, Lorenza by Signora Sestini, and Catalina by Mrs. Wilson: in the Haymarket revival these characters are respectively sustained by Mr. Chippendale, Mr. W. Farren, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Compton, Mr. Arthur Matthison, Mr. Weiss, Miss Nelly Moore, Madame Weiss, and Miss Louise Keeley.

"The Castle of Andalusia," which will be played again when the Haymarket reopens in the autumn, is a lively specimen of the old musical drama, which Braham made popular at a much later period. It is so constructed that almost any song may be dragged into it by the neck or heels, and Madame Weiss fully availed herself of this peculiarity by introducing three modern compositions by Macfarren, Howard Glover, and Hatton. Mr. Weiss retained Shield's "Wolf"—a song which, up to within the last ten years, it was difficult to escape from in any place of amusement or any society.

In the course of the evening Mr. Buckstone kept to his old custom of addressing the audience, and his benefit speech is a theatrical "annual" as much looked for as the Queen's speech is by politicians. In the course of his address, after alluding in congratulatory terms to the past season, he said:—

"With respect to the future, I shall reopen on the 12th of September next with the comic opera, 'The Castle of Andalusia,' which you have witnessed this evening, but with the addition of a new farce, written by the author of 'Box and Cox' and 'Lend me Five Shillings,' to be called 'On the Sly.' A brilliant Italian actress, speaking English to perfection, will afterwards make her first appearance in England in a new drama, while my Lord Dundreary (Mr. Sothorn) will again come before you at Christmas, and during his engagement a comedy will be produced, written by Mr. Watts Phillips; and we have not yet given up all hope of inducing 'Brother Tham' to come from America and appear during the next London season. You will also be glad to hear that I am promised the first dramatic work of Miss Braddon, the popular author of 'Lady Audley's Secret.'

"A little while ago I had some idea of retiring from public life, thinking I had been quite long enough before you, and dreading to be looked upon as the 'feeble veteran lingering on the stage;' but as I have yet a long, unexpired term of this theatre, held under an excellent landlady, and not yet feeling any symptoms of feebleness, and at all

times meeting with every encouragement from you, I intend, health and life permitting, to go on to the end of my term, and, perhaps, longer than that. I still hope to appear occasionally before you as Bob Acres, Tony Lumpkin, Scrub, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Marplot, and other old characters, and also in as many new parts as I can get."

IN Paris, M. Durand Brager, the painter, has been commissioned to execute a large picture of the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, whilst the Emperor has instructed M. Gudin, the celebrated marine painter, to undertake the same subject.

ON Monday night Madame Ristori appeared again on the boards of a French theatre. Her reception was tumultuously enthusiastic, despite the emptiness of Paris.

VERDI has been elected corresponding member of the Paris Académie des Beaux Arts, in the place of Meyerbeer.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED WIGAN will take their joint benefit at the Adelphi Theatre this evening, when a variety of attractive entertainments will be produced, including the comedy of "A Scrap of Paper," the farces of "The First Night" and "The Area Belle," and the allegorical diorama of "Shakespeare's House." The Prince and Princess of Wales have kindly signified their intention to be present. This proposed performance has necessitated the postponement of a dramatic reading by Mr. Wigan, which was originally appointed to take place at Apsley House, by permission of the Duke of Wellington, in the course of the present week, but which is now deferred until Wednesday next, at three o'clock.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—A new and original burlesque, entitled "Arlene, the Lost Child, or the Pole, the Policeman, and the Polar Bear," is announced to be produced here on Monday, the 25th instant, and following evenings. The authors are Messrs. Henry Bellingham and William Best, and this is the first time of "The Bohemian Girl" appearing in a burlesque form.

SCIENCE.

A MODIFICATION of the ordinary electrophorus employed for lighting gas has been devised by Messrs. Cornelius & Baker, of the Franklin Institute. It consists of a spherical cup of brass, lined with sheepskin and silk, into which drops a corresponding hemisphere of hard india-rubber. The brass cup communicates with a wire near the jet. To light the gas, the hard rubber hemisphere is raised by means of a little handle, and the spark which is emitted lights the gas as it passes. These gentlemen have also devised a portable electrophorus of tubular construction. It consists of two brass tubes closed at each end, and united together by a ring of hard rubber, covered internally with silk padding. Inside the tube is a cylinder composed of hard rubber also, and which passes freely down the tubes when they are reversed. The apparatus being grasped by the non-conducting ring and held upright, a reversal, which causes the enclosed cylinder to pass from one end to the other, charges the brass tube with electricity.

The silk-worm culturists of France having tried almost every conceivable remedy for the disease now general among the larvæ, have at last employed electricity as a curative agent, and, we understand, with most successful results. The idea originated with M. Sauvageon, and was carried out at Valence.

A valuable method for the utilization of rags which contain wool and cotton interwoven, has just been invented by MM. Giles and Durant. They dissolve out the wool by means of alkaline sulphides, the solution being then available for the preparation of prussiates. The remaining cotton can then be employed in the manufacture of paper.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company will have a very powerful rival in the Russo-American line. The cable of the latter will pass overland, with the exception of about forty miles of its entire length. The following is the route proposed by Mr. Collins, the manager of the American line:—"Europe being already in communication with Irkutsk, in Siberia, a line will be laid from the latter station to the mouth of the Amour, thence along the coast of Asiatic Russia to over Behring's Strait, which is only about forty miles wide, and so on through British North America and British Columbia, to California, where the American network will be joined."

The common impression that the *Anacharis* does not flower in this country has been overthrown by the observations of Mr. Mumbray, of Richmond, who has lately discovered the floral organs in specimens found in the Hampstead ponds. The flowers, which are female (the males have not yet been seen in this country), form very beautiful microscopic objects when viewed with a very low power.

The evil reputation as regards absence of social and parental qualities, which has ever attached to wasps, has been removed by the investigations of Professor R. L. Edgworth, who states that these insects do not kill their young on the first approach of the cold of winter. The grubs which have been found dead by other observers died naturally, from the effects of the external temperature. The parent wasps have a very decided affection for their young, and are so intelligent that they become familiarized with any animal or man. In one instance, we are informed that a field-mouse and a nest of wasps shared a common home without injury to the former. The presence of other wasps does not appear to disturb their equanimity; for, in one case, where the Professor planted four colonies together, they all flourished. When two

nests were bisected, and the dissimilar halves placed together, the wasps surrounded both halves with a common shell, and made one nest of it.

We learn that Dr. Pringsheim, of Berlin, has been appointed director of the Botanic Garden at Jena, in the place of Professor Schleiden, who lately resigned his office, and that Professor Henkel, of Tübingen, is at present writing a special treatise on the botany of the pine and fir tribe.

Professor N. S. Maskelyne exhibited, at a late meeting of the Geological Society, some beautiful specimens of a new mineral recently discovered in Cornwall, and which he proposes to term *Langite*, in honour of Professor Victor Von Lang, of the University of Gratz, and formerly of the department of mineralogy in the British Museum. It consists of a basic sulphate of copper, insoluble in water, and is disposed as an incrustation upon very soft "killas" slate, in masses of a rich blue colour, accompanied by minute crystals belonging to the prismatic system.

A Swedish naturalist, M. Sjogreen, has published a curious memoir on an iron mineral, which is, he contends, the direct result of infusorial animalculæ living in the midst of fresh water. This ferruginous material, known under the name of lake-ore, is sufficiently abundant in Swedish water-courses to be submitted to treatment in iron-works. M. Sjogreen's memoir was written with more especial reference to certain specimens shown at our Exhibition in 1862. A lake in his neighbourhood had fallen below the ordinary level, and enabled him to follow the evolution of the mineral. The bottom of the lake was in part laid bare, but there still existed depressions filled with water, and occupied by infusorial metallurgists. These depressions presented a strange and marvellous spectacle. At the bottom of one, which was somewhere about three feet in diameter, small creatures of different sizes agitated themselves on the mineral, some being visible to the naked eye, while the others were so small that it required the aid of a lens to discern them. All were actively engaged in inclosing themselves in a metallic envelope, just as the insect encases itself in its cocoon, and the work seemed to the spectator to be effected in a systematic manner. The iron exists in the water in a soluble condition, being abstracted from the surrounding land. Lake mineral is produced with considerable rapidity, for in twenty-six years the lake becomes full of it.

BALLOONING.

MR. GLAISHER has given the following interesting account of his twenty-first scientific balloon ascent:—

The balloon was remarkably free from revolving on its axis, enabling me to make, for the first time, satisfactory magnetical experiments. Also for the first time I was enabled to make experiments with the view of determining the ratio of respiration to pulsation—an important physiological inquiry.

The sky was cloudy at starting, but at the height of 800 feet it was clear, but of a pale blue; the lower atmosphere throughout the journey was thick, obscuring for the most part the sun, and limiting the view to a few miles only.

The path of the balloon was from Sydenham, over Penge, near to Bromley, down the Sevenoaks-road to Tonbridge, over Goudhurst, near Cranbrook, over Tenterden, to Romney Marsh.

The views, though limited in extent, were beautiful, there being a constant succession of parks and gentlemen's seats, the whole country, so highly cultivated, appearing like a continuous garden, the sun often lighting up water, giving it the appearance of burnished gold.

When over Shortlands, the fountains at the Crystal Palace began to play, and although diminutive in appearance, they looked very pretty as lighted up by the sun.

The balloon left at 6h. 33½m. in the evening of June 27, with a temperature of 63 deg. At 6h. 37m. we were over Penge, at the height of 600ft., and the temperature was 57 deg.; our path was then near to Bromley. Passed over Hayes Common at heights varying from 800ft. to 1,600ft., with temperatures varying from 55 deg. to 57 deg. At 7h. 1m. the temperature was 55 deg.; at the height of 900ft. this gradually declined to 43 deg. by 7h. 15m., at the height of 4,200ft. The balloon then descended to 3,200ft. at 7h. 26m., and the temperature increased to 47 deg. At this time we were passing down the Sevenoaks-road. We then turned to ascend; reached 5,000ft. at 7h. 42m., being at that time nearly over Tonbridge, and the temperature declined to 42 deg. Our path then was a little south of Tonbridge, over Goudhurst, near to Cranbrook, the balloon, for the most part, descending, with increasing temperature, to the height of 450ft., nearly over Tenterden, by 8h. 54m., the temperature of the air at this height being 49 deg. We then ascended to 6,000ft., at 9h. 8m. The temperature here was about 37 deg., but it was too dark to read the very fine column of mercury in my delicate thermometers, and after this I could not read any instrument. We touched the earth at 9h. 21m. in a field half a mile from Cheyne Court, about four miles from Lydd, and five miles from the coast. At 9h. 30m., by the light of a lucifer match, I read the temperature as 46½ deg.; the flickering and transitory light was bad, however, to read by.

There was one peculiarity in this ascent, as I have already mentioned, distinct from all others, and that was the frequent freedom from any revolution of the balloon. At times, for 10 or 15 minutes, certain objects kept in the same azimuth; this enabled me to take 20 different sets of vibrations of a horizontal magnet with as much accuracy as I could take them on the earth. The results of these experiments showed clearly that the magnet vibrated in a longer time than on the earth. This result is very valuable in our present state of magnetical knowledge.

There were in the car, in addition to Mr. Coxwell and myself, Mr. Woodroffe, of the Royal Horse Guards, Mr. W. F. Ingelow, Mr. E. Atkinson, Mr. J. Atkinson, Mr. F. W. Ellis, and Mr. Collins.

At the height of 1,600 feet, the number of pulsations in one minute of the several gentlemen were as follows:—Mr. Woodroffe, 120; Mr. Ingelow, 108; Mr. E. Atkinson, 78; Mr. Collins, 108; Mr. Coxwell, 84; and myself, 104.

The number of respirations in one minute were:—Mr. Woodroffe, 19; Mr. Ingelow, 18; Mr. E. Atkinson, 17; Mr. Collins, 11; Mr. Coxwell, 15; and myself, 18½. Mr. Collins repeated the experiment with the same result, and spoke very decidedly about his correctness.

The ratio of respirations to pulsations was, therefore, as follows:—Mr. Woodroffe, 1 to 6; Mr. Ingelow, 1 to 6; Mr. E. Atkinson, 1 to 5; Mr. Collins, 1 to 10; Mr. Coxwell and myself, 1 to 5½.

At midnight, at Brooklands, Mr. Coxwell's pulsations in one minute were 90, Mr. Collins 94, and mine 88, and respirations were 18, 15, and 17½ respectively; therefore, the ratio of respirations to pulsations were—Mr. Coxwell, 1 to 5; Mr. Collins, 1 to 6; and mine, 1 to 5.

The ratio of my ordinary respirations to my ordinary pulsations is 1 to 4½; so that the removal of even the small amount of atmospheric pressure, as experienced on this occasion, disturbed the system, but with advantage, as enjoying the purity of mountain air without fatigue, increasing the ordinary pulsations by 20 to 30 in a minute, increasing also the number of respirations, but not to the same degree.

This disturbance had lessened, but had not ceased, two and a half hours after we were again on the ground.

On the following morning my pulsations numbered 76 and my respirations 17 in one minute, and had, therefore, assumed their normal value.

One of the results of the experiments on June 13 was so remarkable—viz., a uniformity of temperature at the time of sunset for 2,000 feet from the earth—that it became very desirable to determine whether this was accidental or not; for, if not accidental, the decrease of temperature with increase of elevation, which holds good by day, might be reversed at night, at least up to a certain height; I was therefore desirous of having as many evening observations as possible at this time of the year.

On June 20 I ascended from the Arboretum at Derby two hours before sunset, and descended one hour before sunset, with results in close accordance with previous day ascents. The experiments briefly detailed above would seem to show but little difference of temperature at the times of sunset; but it is to be regretted I had no means of reading in the balloon after 9 o'clock.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE revenue returns for the quarter and year ending June 30th were published on the 1st instant. They are of a satisfactory character, considering the effects of the recent reduction of taxation. There is a falling-off under the head of Income-tax of £449,000 on the quarter, and £2,078,000 on the year. "Customs" show a deficiency of £411,000 on the quarter, and £1,279,000 on the year. The "Excise," on the other hand, has been unusually productive. On the quarter the augmentation is £459,000, and on the year £1,992,000. The nett decrease on the quarter is £216,000, and on the year £690,902.

From the same return we learn that, during the last quarter, the principal of £969,300 Exchequer bills was paid off, and that the sum this quarter to be applied to the reduction of the National Debt is £588,169.

The official returns of the import and export of bullion and specie for last week show that there were imported into the United Kingdom gold valued at £676,276, and silver valued at £232,166; together, £908,442. There were exported gold valued at £284,710, and silver £113,675; together, £398,385. The imports, therefore, exceed the exports by £510,057.

On the 4th instant there was a steady demand for money, both at the Bank of England and in the general market, where the rate for good bills was maintained at 6 per cent. The supply was equal to the demand. In the Stock Exchange money was abundant, and the demand light; consequently the rate for short loans on English Government securities did not exceed 4 per cent.

The traffic receipts of railways in the United Kingdom amounted, for last week, on 11,308 miles, to £660,404; and for the corresponding week of last year, on 10,873 miles, to £608,387; showing an increase of 435 miles, and of £52,017 in the receipts.

Railway stocks have been in continuous demand, and a substantial improvement has been established in several of the leading descriptions.

The highly satisfactory character of the traffic throughout the half year has encouraged hopes of considerably improved dividends, and investments are consequently being made in various stocks.

From the report of the Select Committee on Turnpike Trusts we gather the following particulars:—

The bonded debt in England and Wales, which, in 1836, exceeded £7,000,000, has now been reduced to little more than £4,000,000. There are, however, large arrears of interest, amounting in 1860 to £760,000.

The current value of this debt is about £3,000,000.

The following has been posted in the Stock Exchange for the benefit of its members:—

"Resolved,—That as to all bargains done in Mexican bonds on and after the 25th of June, the settlement shall be in the old bonds with the new bonds, arising from the conversion of the overdue coupons—the deduction of 6d. in the pound on the dividend of the 1st January, to be paid by the seller.

"Resolved,—That for all bargains done in Mexican bonds before the 28th June, the settlement shall take place in Mexican old bonds with the new bonds, arising from the conversion of the overdue coupons,

the deduction of 6d. in the pound on the dividend of the 1st January, to be paid by the buyer, unless the buyer previously to the 5th July shall give notice that he will require the settlement to be made in old bonds unconverted.

"Resolved,—That the price of Provisional certificates shall be fixed on the 13th July, the first making-up day.

"Resolved,—That transactions in new bonds shall be settled on the usual days of settlement, commencing on July 13.

"FRANCIS LEVEIN, Secretary."

171 joint-stock companies have been brought out during the first half of the present year. The nominal capital represented by these amounts to £116,203,500. Of this, 53 per cent. was for banks and finance companies; 14 per cent. for the conversion of various individual industrial establishments into joint-stock associations; 12 per cent. for shipping enterprise; 6 per cent. for insurance companies; 5 per cent. each for railways and estate investments; and about 1 or 2 per cent. for hotels.

AN owner of a small freehold of 42 acres in Middlesex has just procured an indefeasible title for £29. 11s. 9d., through the Land Registry and Transfer Act, making the expense of registration less than 15s. per cent. on the value of the property (£4,000).

THE stock of cotton continues to be well maintained at Liverpool, in spite of the largely increased consumption. This result has been attained with an average weekly delivery from Liverpool to the trade this year of 32,850 bales, as compared with 22,150 bales in the corresponding period of 1863, and 30,210 bales in the corresponding period of 1862.

THE Globe Insurance Company have called a meeting for the 19th inst., to effect an amalgamation with the Liverpool and London Insurance Company, and to enable the directors to bring to a close the affairs of the Globe Insurance Company.

WE extract the following from the *Mining Journal*:—"As a rule, the public buy shares in an excited market, and sell when they are low; whereas prudent speculators do just the reverse, for they pick up shares when the market for them is depressed, and sell at a good profit when the demand arises. July is always a dull and 'buying' month, and a selection of good mines, with the almost certainty of a profit in a short time, may now be made."

THE last return from the Bank of France is again unfavourable, since the total of gold, notwithstanding the amount purchased from London, shows a further falling off of £120,000, while there has been an increase of £1,840,000 in the issue of notes. It has fixed its dividend for the first half of the present year at 97f.

FROM the 1st instant the tax on the securities of foreign funds negotiated in France has been doubled—that is, 1f. per 100f. of nominal value instead of 50c.

8,000,000,000f. constitute the total debt of France.

SUBSCRIBERS to the Mexican loan are loudly complaining. The loan was given to them at 63, but in a few days it fell to 60, then to 57, and within the past week it has been as low as 53.

THE Emperor of the French, as arbitrator in the differences between the Viceroy of Egypt and the Suez Canal Company, has awarded 84,000,000f. (£3,200,000) to the company. It is expected that the Government of the Viceroy will have to raise a loan for the payment of this rather considerable indemnity.

ADVICES from New York state that the new bill prohibiting time transactions in gold and foreign exchange has become law. Its immediate effect was to raise gold from 198½ to 208½. Exchange 227.

THE bankers of New York have sent a deputation to Washington to urge a modification of the bill.

MR. SECRETARY CHASE has offered the balance of loan for 75 millions at 6 per cent. premium.

IT is announced that the semi-annual interest and sinking fund due September 1st on the Confederate Cotton Loan, and which, by the terms of the contract with the Confederate Government, must be placed with the contractors sixty days in advance, is ready for deposit.

IT appears that in 1863 130,000 bales of cotton were available in England for the Confederate Government or its supporters for the purchase of supplies or munitions of war. This cotton was sold for gold at a rate not less than 200 dols. per bale, producing at least 26,000,000 dols. The Confederate Government, with its share, doubtless paid the interest upon its bonds and recruited its credit so far as to make the 26,000,000 dols. equal to double its amount in purchasing arms and supplies. Used in this effective manner, the cotton was sufficient to arm, clothe, and set in the field an army of 400,000 men.

THE Government of the United States of Colombia have granted a concession to the London Bank of Mexico and South America, which has been sanctioned by Congress, giving it the exclusive right to issue notes to be received as specie in all Government transactions, the custody of all national funds and similar privileges. These are granted for a period of twenty-five years.

THE well-known Cliff Copper Mine of Lake Superior has returned 1,600,000 dollars upon an outlay of 66,000 dollars, and the value of the mine is now estimated at not less than 3,000,000 dollars.

FROM an Australian paper we learn that at the Burra Burra Copper Mine, in South Australia, one of the richest in the world, there are 583 persons employed. The wages paid are—to miners 30s. to 35s. per week, to engine drivers 40s., mechanics 40s. to 61s., labourers 27s. to 30s., youths 18s. to 21s., and boys 8s. to 15s.

THE gross cost of the mail service to Australia is a little over £200,000 a year, while the gross loss on that outlay is £120,000.

THE Bank of Queensland announce a sale of debentures amounting to £5,000, the first portion of 20,000 authorized to be issued by the Corporation of the city of Brisbane, under an Act of the Queensland Legislature the 27th of Victoria. The debentures carry 7 per cent. interest, and are for sums of £100 each, redeemable on the 31st March, 1871.

THE last advices from Bombay give the following quotations:—Government Securities: Four per Cents., 99; Five per Cents., 106½; Five and a Half per Cents., 116.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Cape Town, says:—"Money is now more plentiful here than ever, but the banks are very cautious with their discounts. They don't know who is safe. One of the Cape Town banks has £34,000 lying idle which they cannot safely put out. Landed property now meets with no purchasers, and, altogether, we are in a critical position. In agricultural matters, as well as mercantile, there is great depression.

IT is stated that the Spanish Finance Minister is hard pressed for money. The actual financial situation of the Government is represented to be as follows:—Debtor to the Bank of Spain, 470,000,000 reales; to unpaid creditors of the treasury, due some time since, 250,000,000 reales; to Caisse des Dépôts (in the *Official Gazette*), 1,800,000,000 reales; total, 2,520,000,000 reales, or £25,200,000 sterling.

AT the last monthly auction for the sinking fund of the Passive debt, the prices fixed by the Spanish Government were as follow:—First Class Exterior, 44; Second, 32-60; Second Interior, 24. Tenders were sent in at 44-40 to 41 for the first description; 33 to 34-50 for the second; and 24-40 to 26 for the third.

THE Italian Government have conceded the State Railways to Messrs. Rothschild, who will, it is anticipated, transfer them to the Lombardo Company.

THE Italian Irrigation Company have purchased the Crown canals from the Italian Government. It is estimated that they will yield twenty per cent. more this year than when they were in the hands of the Government.

THE brigandage in Italy is said to cost that country 50,000,000 lire annually.

AT the sitting of the Danish Folkething, on the 30th ult., the Ministry brought in a bill relating to a new loan of 20 million thalers. In support of the measure it was announced that the expenses of the State, during the last half of the financial year, had exceeded its revenue by 18,221,500 rigsdalers. A committee of eleven members was appointed to report upon the ministerial proposition. A bill has been brought before the Landsting for the emission of bonds bearing interest for a sum of 4,000,000 rigsdalers, with which the Government should be authorised to pay part of its expenses.

THE new Swedish Loan has been done at 4 prem., the stock being gradually absorbed on the Continent.

THE Société Générale de l'Empire Ottoman is introduced by the Imperial Ottoman Bank with a capital of £2,000,000, in 100,000 shares, of which only 33,000 remain for subscription. The prospectus states that "the objects of the company are to transact all affairs appertaining to financial and commercial undertakings" in Turkey.

THE total amount of the Greek loans contracted in England in 1824 and 1825, with the accrued and unpaid interest, is £7,077,625.

THE numbers are published of various bonds of the Egyptian Government Loan (both issues), which were drawn last week, and are to be drawn off at par on the 1st of September.

A MEXICAN, writing on his country, observes:—"Mexico has had three conventions with France: first, in 1851, to pay to the house of Font & Drašina a contract debt, which was paid, capital and interest; second, in December of the same year, another contract debt of 500,000f., which was paid on the terms stipulated, with the addition of 150,000f.; and third, the compensation to Frenchmen who had copper money when it was decided to call it in, owing to the discredit into which it had fallen. These claims, amounting to 6,804,000f., were settled under the superintendence of M. Levasseur, the French Minister."

THE Sinking Fund on the Peruvian debt was applied on Saturday in the purchase of £266,000, leaving £4,280,650 of the recent loan outstanding.

MESSRS. BARING BROTHERS & Co. have advertised the dividend due the 12th inst. on Buenos Ayres Six and Three per Cent. Bonds, and also the particulars of the Sinking Fund.

OWING to the different treaties with Japan, there is at the present time a commercial intercourse of foreign nations with that country to the value of £7,000,000.

IT has been roughly estimated that all the silver mines of the world yield about £10,000,000 worth of silver per annum.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A SHORT MEMORY.—The Proveditors were often good-natured men, who were disinclined to do more evil than was actually necessary, in order to enrich themselves. One of them attained to celebrity from his singular want of memory, of which failing some wily Greeks often took advantage. One Cephalonian particularly distinguished himself in this respect. He went almost daily to pay his court to the great man, taking care to inspect his kitchen at the same time. Whenever he found a good dinner preparing he stayed till it was served up. The Proveditor would then say to him: "What is your business, Signor?" "My business? I am come to dinner, according to the invitation which you gave me yesterday." "Oh, indeed," replied the other, "I had quite forgotten it. Well, sit down."—*Four Years in the Ionian Islands*, by Viscount Kirkwall.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

LIFE AND TIMES OF CAROLINE MATILDA.*

We do not deny that a certain amount of interest attaches to the story and the fate of the unfortunate, but certainly most imprudent, if not culpable, Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. and Queen of Denmark. But there is moderation in all things—even in bookmaking. Three portly volumes upon the history of a Danish Court revolution in the last century are rather too much of a good thing. If, indeed, because the subject of a biography happens to have been born an English princess, an author is to begin with an elaborate survey of the state of English society and morals at the time of her birth; if, because her husband chanced to visit France, we are to have a similar survey of the condition of things in that country; if we must endure rather full sketches of the lives and antecedents of everyone who had any connection with her ultimate fate; and if, because she and her friends happened to be tried, we are to be favoured in *extenso* with the pleadings of the advocates for the prosecution and defence, not only of the heroine herself, but of the said friends,—there is no reason why three, or even thirty, volumes should not be manufactured on almost any subject whatever. But we must be allowed to have our own opinion as to their literary character; especially when, as in the present case, they are written with extreme carelessness. It is true that a good deal of interesting matter is scattered about the three volumes; but why is it given to us in a state of such extreme dilution?

In 1766, Caroline Matilda was married, when only fifteen years old, to Christian VII. of Denmark. She seems to have been a high-spirited, lively, and intelligent girl. Under happier circumstances, there is every reason to believe that she would have adorned the throne to which she was raised, and have gained the affection of the people amongst whom her lot was cast. For her character, though commonplace, was amiable; and, though she had not the strength to resist evil influences, her natural inclinations were virtuous and good. But never did princess fall into worse hands. The Danish Court at that time was thoroughly worthless and thoroughly immoral. Amongst the men who held power, there was hardly a single statesman of moderate capacity or tolerable honesty. The affairs of the kingdom were in a state of the utmost confusion; and what may be misnamed its politics consisted of dreary and selfish intrigues for place, emolument, and influence. The King had just emerged from a youth spent under severe and gloomy restraint into a manhood of unbounded licentiousness. He was already displaying signs of incipient insanity; his temper was violent, his capacity limited. The Queen never succeeded in obtaining his affections. Within a short time of their marriage, he set off upon a tour in Holstein, for the purpose of indulging in unrestrained debauchery. He returned in order to take as his mistress a woman who had been a common prostitute at Copenhagen; to parade her at the theatre in the face of the Queen; and to spend his nights with her in disgraceful brawls in the streets of the capital. A few months afterwards, he started on a foreign tour, in the course of which he visited both London and Paris, distinguishing himself in both by the extreme freedom of his manners and the coarseness of his amours. On this tour, John Frederick Struensee, a German medical man, previously practising at Altona, accompanied him as his physician. Struensee was undoubtedly a man of considerable abilities; and he had, moreover, good looks, pleasant manners, and an agreeable address. But he was vain and ambitious; his morals were loose, and he had no religion. His subsequent career abundantly proved that he had neither solidity of character, foresight, nor prudence; while he was wanting in the first requisites of a successful adventurer, personal courage, tact, and steady resolution. He was fitted neither by nature nor by training to play a political part; and, having risen to the highest place in the State, through the imprudent partiality of the Queen, he fell, mainly because he had thrust himself into a position for which he was entirely unfit. Having gained the King's confidence during his foreign tour, Struensee acquired the Queen's favour soon after his return by the successful advice he gave her as a medical man. From the position of professional adviser to that of friend, the step was a short one. As a reward for curing the Crown Prince of the smallpox, he was appointed reader to the King and secretary to the Queen, and received the title of Conferenz-rath. His access to her Majesty was now much facilitated.

"Conscious of her innocence, Caroline Matilda behaved in a manner that caused people to talk, and her conduct was certainly most imprudent. Struensee was constantly seen in her company, and she granted him familiarities which, as Reverdil says, 'would have ruined any ordinary woman.' She gave him a seat in her carriage when they were in the country, and took solitary walks with him in the gardens and woods. At the court balls he was her constant partner, and when she rode out he was her favoured cavalier."

But the relations upon which the favourite and the Queen stood are best exhibited by a couple of passages from the "*Mémoires de mon Temps*" of the Landgrave Charles of Hesse Cassel, brother-in-law of Christian VII. :—

"After an hour's conversation (on arriving at Gottorp), in which we recalled anecdotes of past times, the Queen took me by the arm and

said: 'Lead me to the cabinet of Princess Louisa, but do not make me pass through the ante-chamber in which the court is.' We almost ran along the corridor to the back door by the side of the staircase, when we saw some of the suite coming up the stairs. The Queen noticed Struensee, and said to me before the door: 'No, no, no; I must return; do not keep me.' I remarked to her that I could not leave her alone in the passage. 'No, no, no; return to the princess;' and she fled along the passage. This struck me greatly; but I obeyed. She was always embarrassed with me when Struensee was present. At table he was always seated opposite to her.

"Farther on, we read of another humiliating scene:—'The King's dinner was dull. The Queen afterwards played at quinze. I was placed on her right, Struensee on her left; Brandt, a new arrival, and Warnstedt, a chamberlain, completed the party. I hardly like to describe Struensee's behaviour and the remarks he openly dared address to the Queen while leaning his arm on the table, close to her. 'Well, why don't you play? can't you hear?' (Nun, spielen Sie doch, haben Sie nicht gehört?) I confess my heart was broken to see this princess, endowed with so much sense and good qualities, fallen to such a point, and into such bad hands.'"

It is admitted by Sir Lascelles Wrexall that at this time (1770) she seemed to forget "the noble self-respect and attractive modesty which adorned her more than her beauty, and that she indulged in amusements and sports which only too easily thrust those virtues in the background." Amongst other things, she was in the habit of appearing publicly on horseback in male clothing; and although it is said that she did this at the instance of her half-mad husband, that can hardly be admitted as a sufficient excuse. It is certain that her friendship for Struensee was followed by an intimacy with some of the ladies about Court who bore the worst characters. Nor is it possible to avoid regarding it as a singularly suspicious circumstance that, in whatever palace the King and Queen resided, the apartments of Struensee were always in the immediate neighbourhood of her Majesty's.

The King was now reduced to a pitiable condition:—

"At times it was found difficult to induce him to perform the royal duty of signing; but when the word 'deposition' was menacingly whispered in his ears the poor simpleton became terrified, and signed anything and everything. Precautions were taken to prevent any violent outbreaks of his mania. Thus the pages were instructed to hold his chair at table, where he at times tried to rise and prevent others from eating. It was forbidden at court to speak to or answer him, in order to prevent any unpleasant expressions of that absolutism which still nominally existed. . . . The King was generally left to the company of a black boy, introduced by Brandt, who became Christian's inseparable companion. Children and fools, it is notorious, have an equal propensity for mischief. Christian consequently found great delight in smashing the windows and china, with the black boy's assistance, and beheading the statues in the garden. As a change, he rolled on the floor with the lad, biting and scratching him."

It was while his Majesty was in this state that Struensee, with the aid of the Queen, obtained the dismissal of the Ministers who had previously held office, and replaced them by creatures or friends of his own; inaugurated a series of administrative reforms; suppressed the Privy Council; and at last, in July, 1771, induced the King to delegate to him, under the title of Privy Cabinet Minister, absolute power in the State. There is no doubt that, to a great extent, Struensee used the power which he had thus acquired in the promotion of good ends. Amongst other things he endeavoured to restore order to the finances; he ameliorated the condition of the serfs; he reorganised the courts of law in order to secure the better and quicker administration of justice; and he reformed the municipal institutions and the police of Copenhagen. Unfortunately, he was a *doctrinaire*, and not a statesman. He evolved his measures out of his own consciousness, instead of adapting them to the prejudices or feelings of the people, and thus aroused opposition instead of conciliating support. Disliked by the nobility as a *bourgeois*, distrusted by the Danes as a German, he continued, by successive acts of imprudence or impolicy, to exasperate the clergy, the army, the navy, the merchants, and the populace. Nor was he more happy in the conduct of his personal relations. Relying, apparently, with blind confidence upon the support of the Queen, he alienated one after another all the friends by whose aid he had risen to power; and when the palace conspiracy of January, 1772, broke out, the Minister was undoubtedly the object of universal execration and dislike.

The main facts connected with that conspiracy are so well known that we need not now dwell upon them. This portion of Sir Lascelles Wrexall's book will be read with great interest, for it is certainly the best and fullest account which has appeared of an event which will always possess a certain degree of romantic attraction. It will be sufficient to recall to the recollection of our readers that, when the company had separated after a ball on the night of January 16, the conspirators, at the head of whom was the Queen-Dowager (the step-mother of Christian VII.), made their way to the bedroom of the King, and wrung from him orders for the arrest of the Queen, of Struensee, and of a number of their friends. The Royal Guards having been previously gained, these orders were executed without difficulty. Before morning dawned, the whole of the persons struck at were seized; nor does anyone appear to have regretted the fall of the Ministers. The citizens of Copenhagen, at all events, received the news with the greatest pleasure. "The whole city was illuminated, the townspeople nearly all turned out in their Sunday clothes, salvos were fired from the ramparts, rockets were discharged, and the whole population seemed drunk with joy."

* Life and Times of her Majesty Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway, and sister of his Majesty George III. of England; from Family Documents and private State Archives. By Sir C. F. Lascelles Wrexall, Bart. Three vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

The trials of the Queen, of Struensee, and of Count Brandt followed. The two latter were condemned to death and executed. The Queen was divorced, but, owing to the interference of George III., no further sentence was pronounced upon her, and she was permitted to retire to the castle of Celle (or Zell), in Hanover, where she passed the brief remainder of her life. Sir Lascelles Wraxall is confident that he has cleared her fame from the charge of having carried on an adulterous intercourse with Struensee. But we think most of his readers will feel that confidence very much overcharged. Admitting that, in any case, Struensee was guilty of such utter baseness in confessing his adulterous intercourse with the Queen as to deprive his statements of all credit, it is not so easy to get over the fact that Caroline Matilda confirmed those statements by her signature. It is no doubt the fact that she did so to save his life; but why should she have been willing to save his life at the expense of her honour, unless she had loved him? And when once it is admitted that that affection subsisted, it is difficult, looking at their previous conduct, to believe that it remained purely platonic. No doubt the prosecutors failed to bring forward any direct evidence of guilt, or even to show that any gross familiarities had passed between her Majesty and the favourite. But, on the other hand, it is clear that there was evidence, which cannot be lightly put away, with respect to the nocturnal use of the secret communication between the apartments of Struensee and the Queen; and that some of the presents which admittedly passed between them were, to say the least, of an eminently suspicious kind. As to the precise value of the testimony adduced, we confess our inability to give any positive opinion, because while Sir L. Wraxall has laboriously translated the written *acte d'accusation* on the one part and the written defence on the other, he does not give us the evidence itself; and we are, therefore, exactly in the position in which a jury would be placed who knew nothing of a case except what they might gather from hearing the speeches of the counsel on each side. The real materials for forming a judgment are entirely wanting. We are quite willing to give due weight to the solemn declarations of innocence made by the Queen on her death-bed. But still, looking impartially at all the circumstances, we think that the most Caroline Matilda can claim at our hands is the Scotch verdict of "not proven." The honestest and one of the shrewdest men about the Court, Reverdil (a Swiss), was firmly convinced that she was not entitled to so much. To the fullest benefit of "extenuating circumstances" no one will contest her title.

At Zell, Caroline Matilda led an exemplary life. Towards the latter end of 1774 some of the Danish nobility entered into a conspiracy to promote her restoration and to overthrow the party in power. The author's grandfather was an active agent or intermediary in these intrigues, upon which the work before us contains much new and curious information. That they were countenanced to some extent by George III. is quite certain, although it is still doubtful how far he was disposed to go, in actually assisting the new *coup d'état*. The Queen's death, which took place on the 11th May, 1775, rendered this counterplot abortive. There was at the time some suspicion that she was poisoned, but this seems to have been quite unfounded. No reasonable doubt can be entertained—nor ever was entertained by those who had the best means of judging—that Caroline Matilda fell a victim to scarlet fever, caught from some of her suite.

BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.*

ONE thing may be said of the Government and people of France, which cannot with truth be said of the Government and people of England—namely, that they have generally shown great respect for literature. The founding and supporting of academies, though not perhaps the best means of calling forth the genius of a nation, undoubtedly proved among our neighbours serviceable to the cause of learning, because men who write, just like most other men, are urged forward in their career by whatever tends to gratify their vanity and insure to them a respectable position in society. Of course, power will patronize those forms of literature which tend to its own conservation; for which reason, the literary men of France were proscribed or suffered to flourish, exactly in proportion to their independence or servility. Under the old monarchy, which saw the Academy take its rise, and fostered it during a century and a half, literature was constrained to put on many disguises in order to be tolerated by the authorities. At first, mere trifling was the order of the day; people met together to amuse and compliment each other, and returned to their homes in the evening, happy in the persuasion that they were the very salt of the earth, for they believed each other's flattery, and could conceive no higher excellence than that which lay within the circle of their own experience. It is indeed extremely difficult, even for persons of more than ordinary abilities, to discriminate between what is genuinely good, and that which is only good with reference to the prevalent fashion. Accordingly, there is nothing so common in the history of literature as to find men of sound understanding praising trash, either because produced by some person for whom they entertained respect or friendship, or because it had acquired

popularity among the ignorant and unthinking. In France there are no literary names worth mentioning, before the age of Louis XIV., except those of Rabelais and Montaigne; but from that period downwards the genius of the people became abundantly prolific, and gave birth to numerous works, which, if not of the highest order, approach very near it. In the early days of the Academy, a dispute arose on the comparative merits of ancient and modern writers which, absurd in its very nature, was conducted in a manner still more absurd. Many of those engaged in it knew nothing of ancient literature, except through such translations as were fully equal to the task of making almost any amount of genius ridiculous. With the champions of one side, to be ancient was to possess all possible good qualities; with the other, to be modern was to possess the same virtues. The dunces of two thousand years ago were lost sight of, while critics formed their estimate of antiquity from the works of the few great men who were as superior to their own contemporaries as they were to the contemporaries of Louis Quatorze. When French poets represented ancient heroes on the stage, they disfigured their characters quite as much as they did their costumes, making the princes who fought before Troy use the same amatory babbling as that which amused the ladies of the French Court, and disguising their persons by laced coats, cambric ruffles, and flowing wigs. Even in the freest States of the world, some restraint is put, by public opinion or otherwise, on the bold surge of thought; but under Louis Quatorze real independent thinking was impossible, either in religion, politics, morals, literature, or philosophy. There was a pattern to which every man who wrote must, more or less, conform; and afterwards, during the Regency, the reign of Louis Quinze, and down to the Revolution, if speculation ran mad, it was always with dissembling, with hypocrisy, with craft, and often with contradiction.

In reviewing the productions of this period, Mr. Edwards displays considerable liberality, and a strong desire to be just. Sensible of the difficulty of his task, he has applied himself with diligence to all the sources of information within his reach, and kept strict watch upon himself that he might not, by the force of any preconceived opinion, be drifted into extravagant admiration, or immoderate severity. By thus steering a middle course, he has fallen short of that piquancy which often characterises extreme opinions, while by the brevity to which his plan restricted him he has reduced his biographies almost to skeletons. Up to a certain point his narrative may be termed historical; it afterwards becomes biographical, interspersed with criticisms and amusing anecdotes. Of course it was impossible on such a basis to erect anything like a complete structure, or to awaken a profound or continuous interest; though it might have been quite within the range of practicability to unfold periodically before the reader bird's-eye views of the successive phases of French intellectuality. To do this, however, was either beyond the power or beside the purpose of Mr. Edwards. He has produced an amusing book, which was perhaps all he aimed at, and might reply to the critic who should demand more of him, that he pledged himself to nothing beyond a sketch of the progress and influence of the French Academy. He had, of course, to deal with some of the greatest names in modern literature—such as Pascal, Montesquieu, Voltaire—and to group around them a host of inferior, but still distinguished, reputations—Corneille, Racine, Bossuet, Champfort, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, and many others. It is plain that a small volume, touching on so many topics and men, must consist chiefly of indications; besides, it may be affirmed, without underrating Mr. Edwards's pretensions, that he would not have acted wisely had he attempted to pass from the outside to the interior of French literature, from relating what befel its authors to estimating the amount of mental power they severally displayed, and the forms in which that power embodied itself. In speaking of Montesquieu's candidature, he alludes to the Persian Letters, but in a way to render it doubtful whether he has ever read them, or those other works which have rendered the name of their author illustrious throughout the world; viz., the "Esprit des Loix," and the "Grandeur et Decadence des Romains." When he comes to Voltaire, leaving his proper sphere of narrator, he enters upon the dangerous position of a critic, and indulges in remarks which had better have been omitted from his work. There are portions of the "Dictionnaire Philosophique" which undoubtedly lie open to objection, and the "Pucelle" is a poem which, in point of immorality, ranks with the "Elegantiae Latini Sermonis;" but the historical works which this great writer has given to the world, especially the "Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations," if they did not awe Mr. Edwards into silence, should have restrained him from indulging in the language of abuse. What was evil in Voltaire's career may almost be said to have now passed away, while what was good remains, to humanize, to charm, and to enlighten mankind. Without his assistance, it would be impossible properly to understand the ages of Louis XIV. and XV., into the very arcana of which he penetrated, and, with some few reticences, laid open to the astonishment of mankind. His "Politique et Legislation," Mr. Edwards may have omitted to study, as well as his admirable exposition of Newton's philosophy; he may likewise have overlooked what Voltaire did to soften the cruelty and brutality of the French code, and to prevent or avenge the execution of barbarous sentences, as in the case of Calas. To have adverted to these points would, however, have been more creditable than to repeat the hackneyed objections against that hasty collection of fragments pompously called the "Philosophical Dictionary," or against a poem which, licentious as it is, was designed by the author to eradicate from the minds of

* Chapters of the Biographical History of the French Academy. With an Appendix, relating to the Unpublished Monastic Chronicle, entitled "Liber de Hyda." By Edward Edwards. London: Trübner & Co.

his contemporaries their unreasoning belief in doubtful legends of the past.

These remarks we throw out from no desire to disparage Mr. Edwards's labours, but merely to suggest the persuasion that, in judging of literature, the most conscientious solicitude should be observed, not to circumscribe the beneficial influence of an author by keeping out of sight what is good in him, in order to give prominence to what is evil.

In treating of Chateaubriand, Mr. Edwards has several very interesting passages, two of which we shall extract. They will exhibit his merits and his defects—his agreeable manner of relating, and that lingering admiration for the old *régime* which characterises the men who still think in the trammels of the past. Speaking of Chateaubriand's admission to the Academy, he says:—

"Three years later than Destutt de Tracy, Chateaubriand entered the second class of the Institute. His fame had begun with the '*Génie du Christianisme*,' a vigorous and timely protest, in substance, against some of the doctrines of which De Tracy was the apostle. But when one reads the racy, expansive, and most characteristic '*Mémoires d'outre tombe*,' one regrets to think—notwithstanding the solemn words which stand on their title-page—'*Sicut nubes; quasi naves; velut umbra*;'—that what Chateaubriand chiefly saw in Christianity was its respectability, its political usefulness, and its poetry.

"His old age, like that of De Tracy, was often overshadowed by deep gloom. Standing once on the banks of the Lido, he was heard to say:—'The wind that blows on a hoary head never blows from a happy shore.'

"His life, in its vicissitudes and in its thickly-crowded memories, is one of the most marvellous among the many remarkable lives which have been led by Frenchmen who had attained manhood before the breaking out of the Revolution of 1789, and who survived to witness the Revolution of 1848. Born and bred in a province of France, in which the noble was still honoured, and the priest still revered, Chateaubriand witnessed, in the castles of Brittany, a mode of life almost feudal in its family relations and its social dependencies. Shorn, indeed, of some of its ancient glories, but still invested with the charms of a sombre magnificence, elsewhere at that date unequalled, the old '*régime*' yet lived in the ancestral chateau of Combourg, of the daily routine of which Chateaubriand has drawn a memorable picture, with a master's hand.

"He had had, too, some glimpses of the traditional splendour of the Versailles of Lewis XIV. as they were handed down to the courtiers of Marie of Antoinette. When Chateaubriand first saw that fascinating woman he was struck, he says, with a peculiarity in her smile which he had never observed in any other woman. The remembrance of that smile enabled him to identify her remains when the corpse of the poor queen was exhumed from its obscure resting-place, under his official superintendence, in 1815.

"During the last struggles of the monarchy he was exploring the lakes and the forests of the New World. It was in the hut of an American backwoodsman, near the Blue Mountains, that the news reached him of the flight of Lewis XVI. to Varennes. He had conversed with Washington at Mount Vernon about the war of American Independence, about the taking of the Bastille, and about the discovery of a North-west passage; and he had conversed with Napoleon about Egypt, about the traditions of the Arabs, and about the evidences of Christianity. He had lived in a country town of England as a French teacher, and as a writer or translator of pamphlets, for daily bread; and he had lived in London as the ambassador of Lewis XVIII. He had refused an embassy offered by Napoleon, in order that he might testify unmistakably his abhorrence of the execution of the Duke of Enghien. He had resigned an embassy accepted from Charles X., that he might emphatically condemn the insane '*Ordonnances of July*.' His latest hours were saddened by the rumbling of that terrible cannonade which, in June, 1848, trampled down the destructive plots of Communism in blood. But he lived long enough to hear that civilization had triumphed, although at fearful cost, and he died with the conviction that there was no need to despair of the future of France."

Chateaubriand ought to have understood English, and something at least of English history; but his prejudices kept him in ignorance, and, though he attempted to translate Milton, betrayed him into expressing the most ridiculous judgment of that great man's public career. But his notions are of no consequence. The history of the speech which embodied those notions, and was to have been delivered before the Academy, may be worth repeating:—

"It was not destined that a Parisian audience should listen to this luminous utterance on English literature. After much discussion, and many conflicting opinions, the historian Daru, a member of the Academy, carried the MS. to Napoleon, who not only read it but revised it. All that was said of the folly of the attempt to sever literature from affairs; all that was said of Milton; and many of the remarks on Chénier, he struck out. He then summoned Daru to his presence. Passing through an antechamber, in which many dignitaries of the Empire were assembled, the Academician found the Emperor with Chateaubriand's MS. in his hand. What followed was a monologue, uttered, as Daru tells us, partly in a quiet and partly in a resounding voice:—'Had this speech been delivered in its original form,' said Napoleon, 'I would have shut up the Institute. I cannot tolerate this sort of thing. I will suffer neither these indiscreet reminiscences, nor these reproaches of the past, nor this tacit censure of the present, although mixed with praise. If the author were here, before me, I would say to him: You, sir, are not of this country. Your admiration and your desires are elsewhere. You comprehend neither my acts nor my intentions. Well, if you are ill at ease in France, leave it. We do not understand one another, and it is I who am master here. You do not appreciate my work, and, were I to permit you, you would spoil it. Depart, sir, cross the frontier. Leave

France in peace and unity, under the Government which it needs.' The more emphatic words of this outburst were heard in the antechamber. When Daru again passed through, he was, to his amazement, received with icy coldness. His greetings met averted eyes. His questions brought scarcely audible replies. The courtiers were under the impression that it was he himself who had just undergone sentence of transportation."

From what we have said, the reader will be able to decide whether or not he would like to cultivate a further acquaintance with Mr. Edwards's volume. Our opinion is that it is worth reading, both for the information it supplies, and for the lively and amusing manner in which that information is conveyed. When we say this, however, we would be understood strictly to confine the remark to the French division of the work. The leap backwards to the "*Liber de Hyda*" is so strange and fantastical, that, whatever may be the value of the disquisition in itself, it fails to awaken any considerable amount of interest by being placed in juxtaposition with a work so totally dissimilar.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.*

WHATEVER may be thought as to the justice of the Federal policy in endeavouring to subjugate the States of the South—a question which will always be variously regarded by large numbers—there are, we hope, not many Englishmen who have any partiality for slavery. Consequently, though several may be found to dissent from the political ideas of Mr. M. D. Conway, it will be generally admitted that he has done good service in setting forth, in a great measure from his own experience, the cruelty and the immoralities inseparable from a system of servile labour. Mr. Conway is not a Northerner; he is a Virginian, bred up in the midst of slavery, living until young manhood on a slave estate, and in his less thoughtful years regarding "the peculiar institution" with eyes of complacent tolerance and prospective interest. In the year 1850, however, having joined the Baltimore Methodist Conference, and being appointed to a certain "circuit" in Maryland, he came across a community of Quakers, who, though in the midst of slave territory, permitted none but free labourers among them. The visitor could not but observe that the tract of country belonging to this body of Friends was much better cultivated and much more prosperous than the surrounding lands; and he was led by one of his Quaker acquaintances to the conclusion that the difference was simply that between a degrading form of serfdom and liberty. The adoption of these views cost Mr. Conway more than he perhaps anticipated. He found himself proscribed in his native State, and was compelled to leave Virginia, "penniless and almost friendless." Since then, he has been one of the workers for Abolition, and he now makes this contribution towards our better knowledge of negro slavery and its effects.

The slaves whom Mr. Conway saw around him in early life, on the estate of his father, were far from presenting the institution to him in the worst light. They were well treated by a master who was himself inclined to regard slavery with distrust, if not with aversion. Indeed, it is only in the extreme South that the negro is subjected to the greatest degree of cruelty. But the blacks employed by the elder Mr. Conway were an unhappy race, notwithstanding their comparatively gentle usage. Our author adds his testimony to that of Dr. Howard Russell, of the *Times*, to the effect that the negroes are conspicuous for melancholy, instead of being, as popularly supposed in this country, a merry, laughing, singing, dancing set of people. "In all the twenty-three years of my life in the land of slavery," says Mr. Conway, "I never saw a negro-dance, though in those years I have heard of a few in our neighbourhood." This may be, as the writer suggests, partly attributable to the prevalence among the blacks of the austere religious opinions of the Baptists and Methodists; but there can be no doubt that it is mainly owing to the constant depression of their subject state, with its incidents of cruelty, its hard and unrelenting despotism, and its violation of the affections and the instincts in the frequent separation of parent and child, brother and brother. Mr. Conway says that one of the many bitter pangs to which slaves are subjected in early life is the change which takes place when, after having been accustomed in childhood to play, almost on terms of equality, with the sons of their master, they suddenly, towards adolescence, are taught to know their servile condition, and are treated by their former companions with harshness and arrogance. Another cruel infliction is the denial of instruction to the negro. The law, according to Mr. Conway, forbids the teaching of a slave to read, and he relates that at Falmouth two or three ladies, who, some years ago, met on Sunday afternoons to teach some negro children, were speedily dispersed by the authorities. It should always be recollected that many of these miserable bondsmen are not negroes at all, but are very nearly white in their complexions and European in their physical conformation; so that, even if we were to accede to the doctrine of extreme Southerners, and were to contend that the African race is totally distinct from the Caucasian, and so essentially ignoble as not to deserve the pains of culture, the fact would yet remain that a large number of men and women whose veins contain our own blood very slightly qualified by that of the proscribed people are kept in a state of the darkest ignorance, that they may be the more readily oppressed. "Not one-third of

* Testimonies concerning Slavery. By M. D. Conway, a Native of Virginia. London: Chapman & Hall.

the Southern slaves," says Mr. Conway, "are purely African, and in at least a third of them the white blood predominates." The poet Whittier expresses, in one of his hot, passionate lyrics, his grief and shame and indignation that "Americans" should be driven to market like cattle, and there bought and sold. We Englishmen might reflect, with equal grief and indignation, and even with some shame, since it was under our rule that the evil began, that some thousands of human beings, mainly of our own race, speaking our own language as their mother tongue, and therefore to a considerable extent Englishmen and Englishwomen, are held in life-long bondage, outraged by daily cruelties, and made the mere instruments of the pleasure and the profligacy of a privileged class.

It has been much debated whether American slaves are generally treated with barbarity; but we fancy there can be very little real doubt about the matter. Although it is, of course, the interest of the master to use his slave humanely, as in that way he best preserves his property, it is an unquestionable fact, of which the experience of every man must furnish many instances, that interest is powerless before the gusts of passion. A few exceptions no doubt exist; but, as a rule, it is in the very nature of slavery to develop a ferocious disposition on the part of the slaveholder. The possession of unchecked power, or at any rate of a power which, practically, has scarcely any checks at all, is so great a temptation to the despotic instincts of all dominant races, that if the Southern Americans were *not* cruel to their slaves, they would be more than mortal. A slaveholder may torture his negro, and even kill him; but if the act is witnessed only by the other negroes, as generally is the case, he escapes with entire impunity, for the black man is not allowed to give evidence against his master. The laws which, it is boasted, have been made for the protection of the negro are, therefore, little better than a cynical mockery, for it is very seldom that they can be set in force; add to which the fact, that the administration of the law is in the hands of white men and slaveholders, whose interest it is to lean in all cases against the bondsman and in favour of his tyrant. A people thus pampered with the possession of arbitrary power of the most extreme kind, flattered by a sense of impunity, and often exasperated by the efforts of the oppressed to break away from their oppressors, must needs be cruel in their actions, or human nature is something very different in America from what it is elsewhere. The mutual relationship is mutually demoralizing, and its fruits are but the natural product of a bitter and poisonous root. Slavery was doubtless bad enough among the Greeks and Romans, but it is worse among Christian nations, because the higher standard of modern life exacerbates the evil, not only by contrast, but by developing in the slave a more restless chafing against the chain, and in the master a greater necessity for tightening that chain. Mr. Conway relates some instances of cruelty on the part of slaveholders; among them one which exhibits the evils of the system in a very powerful light:—

"Near my father's estate was one owned by a certain 'captain,' who was one of the worst of men, and who had a face naturally belonging to the worst of men. This man was known to have killed one of his slaves in the most cold-blooded manner, having beaten him to death in the sight of several other slaves. The murder was generally known, and I never heard of its being denied by the murderer; but only his slaves had witnessed it,—and that was the same as if so many oxen had witnessed it, consequently there was not even a coroner's inquest held.

"Not long after this the same man brought three or four women to the county-court of Stafford, charging them with having conspired to poison him. The jury decided that there was not the slightest evidence to show that the women had made any such attempt. The general opinion amongst those present at the trial was, that either the captain knew he deserved to be poisoned by them, and was really alarmed; or that the women being, on account of their age and delicacy, not very marketable, the captain wished the county to hang them, that he might get the money which the State paid the owner for every slave it destroyed.

"As large a crowd had gathered about the doors as was usual on court-days, and they looked with eager interest upon the captain when he left the court-room with the three negro women, one of whom was aged, and the other two in quite feeble health. I remember well how the man's face was flushed with a sense of his power over these women—a power unlimited by any law. Glancing triumphantly at the crowd, he took the women to a cart in which they had been brought to the courthouse; there he bound their ankles and wrists, and bound them to each other; then, after displaying six raw hides—whips compared with which the cat-o'-nine-tails is merciful—he tore down the dresses from their shoulders and backs, and ordering the driver, husband of one of the women, to drive homeward, began to beat and lacerate the backs of these women frightfully. The crowd stood witnessing all this with a mere curiosity, watching the cart as it went on its way with its tragical freight; and, after it had disappeared, the brute still sent back to our ears the pæans of his triumph in the shrieks of the tortured and imploring wretches who had never wronged him.

"There were doubtless many in the vast crowd who recoiled at this sight; some who muttered that it was an 'infernal shame.' But the essence of the tragedy was, that any interference with the scoundrel would have been illegal—that the law was all on his side. And the ultimate effect of it all was to harden the people and demoralise the humane: the whole scene passed from their remembrance with the next trial in the court-room.

"I lived in Stafford County long enough to see that 'captain' elected twice to represent that county in the Legislature of Virginia, and each time over one of the humanest and ablest men in the community. He now occupies a high position in the Confederate army."

Except under the influence of sudden passion, masters and mistresses do not flog their own negroes—they get it done by deputy; and the office of negro-flogger is a regular business in the Southern States, as that of hangman is with us. This really intensifies the cruelty, because it makes the infliction more deliberate. A lady will write on a slip of paper, "Mr. ———, will you give negro-girl Nancy ——— lashes, and charge to account?" This order for punishment the poor girl will herself take to the wielder of the cowhide, and, with tears and sobs, wait her turn (she is seldom alone in her misery) for the administering of correction. A very dramatic, but we doubt not very true, account is given by Mr. Conway of one of these hired miscreants:—

"I remember no building in our village so well as the slave-whipper's old, prison-like quarters, built of brick and limestone; and I recall vividly the fascination it had for myself and the other boys. It was known as 'Captain Pickett's.' The captain himself, with his hard, stony look, and his iron-grey hair and beard, was the very animal to inhabit such a shell, and seemed to me always as a bit of his own grim house that had taken to walking on the street. I never remember to have seen him elsewhere than walking up and down before the door of his mysterious building; and never heard a word fall from his thin, compressed lips. It was plain that he felt the shadow over him; for the characters who do the necessary but cruel work of Slavery are not pleasantly received by those who employ them. Captain Pickett had no personal connection with the 'society' of which he was a most important adjunct; and his children, when their mother was dead and they grew old enough to enter society, abandoned, one by one, their native village, and were scarcely heard of again, so far did they remove from the shadow of the old man's den; and he, grim and solitary, must often have felt that the pangs we inflict, no less than the kindnesses rendered, are returned to our bosoms, heaped up and shaken together.

"The respectable family-heads of Falmouth were always particularly strict and careful in forbidding their children any play or loitering in the neighbourhood of Captain Pickett's; and to such prohibited places the eager feet and wide-upon eyes of boyhood are as faithful as the needle to the pole. About this particular building we lingered and peered with an insatiable curiosity, all the more pertinaciously for being so often driven or dragged away. And our curiosity found enough fuel to keep it inflamed; for few hours ever passed without bringing some victim to his door. At this business the captain made his living; and it was by no means dull: he held open accounts with nearly every family in the neighbourhood. Around each victim we crowded, and when he or she disappeared and the door was shut, we—the boys—would rush around to all the walls, crevices, and backyards which we knew so well, gaining many a point from which we could see the half-naked cowering slave and the falling lash, and hear, with short-lived awe, the blows and the imploring tones, swelling to cries as the flogging proceeded."

This Captain Pickett ultimately hanged himself by the side of his own whipping-post, and the building is now used as a storehouse for Federal bombshells.

As an instance of the hardness with which the law is made to bear upon the servile race, Mr. Conway mentions that some time ago an old lady directed in her will that all her slaves should be free when she died. A legal relative induced her to alter the will to this extent, that the slaves should be allowed to choose whether they would be free or not. On her death, the heir-at-law "entered court with a claim, that, since the laws recognised slaves only as chattels, they did not and could not be allowed to have the power of legal choice as to their condition;" and this was affirmed both by the inferior and superior courts.

Mr. Conway gives an interesting account of the escape of large bodies of slaves from the South to the North during the war, and of the permanently degraded and demoralized condition of the "mean whites," whose ignorance, drunkenness, poverty, and licentiousness, are almost without a parallel in the civilised world, if we may rely on the statements here put forth. With our author's opinions on the intellectual and moral capacity and probable destiny of the negro, on the alleged advantages of "Miscegenation," on the rights and wrongs of the civil war, and on the conduct of England towards America, we have nothing to do. His book may sometimes provoke dissent in several readers, but it contains facts which it behoves us all to know.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.*

THE name of Mr. James Augustus St. John has hitherto been associated more with works of history, biography, and Oriental travel, than with fiction. This, however, is not the first time he has appeared as a novel-writer; and, indeed, a perusal of the story before us would in itself be sufficient to show that he possesses the art of construction and of character-painting. He has written a very interesting tale, calculated, when once it has fixed the attention of the reader (which it does very early in the first volume), to retain it firmly to the close. The narrative is, in fact, so elaborate, and involves so many different characters, that it would not be easy to give our readers a complete idea of its convolutions; nor would such a course be fair to the author. The barest indication must therefore suffice. "Weighed in the Balance" is a story of high life, and of the dark and fatal secrets which sometimes overshadow great families. Faber Evelyn, a young man of gentle blood, recently returned from India, where he has been since boy-

* *Weighed in the Balance: a Novel.* By James Augustus St. John. Three vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

hood, is the accepted suitor of Lady Jane Percy, daughter of Earl Wintermere. The somewhat haughty, but not ungenerous, parents of the young lady are at first disinclined to the match, but at length consent that it shall take place in a year's time, after a contemplated visit of the family to Italy. On the very eve of their departure, however, Faber becomes aware that a terrible cloud of affliction, and apparently also of shame, is hanging over the house. The reader has already been given to understand that a nobleman, living in Belgrave-square, has some power over the Wintermeres, which, the man being of a hard and cruel nature, and having in former years been in rivalry with the Earl, he now uses as a means of humiliating his enemy and avenging his grievance. The Wintermeres give a banquet the night before their departure; and, while the company are at dinner, the Earl is mysteriously summoned down stairs. An altercation is heard in the hall; then a scuffle; then a loud oath; then a rush from the house, and a violent bang of the street-door. Lady Wintermere leaves the room in visible agitation; Lady Jane faints; the guests are all struck with amazement and perplexity. After the departure of the company, Faber is requested by Lady Jane to remain in the house during the night, and to let in three men who will knock at the door at a specified hour. He does so; the strange visitors come as foretold, and have a long interview with the old Lord; and once during the conference the room-door opens, and sounds of angry recrimination burst into the passage. Then again all is still, and, after awhile, the three men depart,—one of them, however, returning at a still later hour. In the early morning the family are on their road to Italy, leaving Faber in a state of painful wonderment. Subsequently, he is requested by Lady Jane to join them at Rome. The misery has again turned up in a new form. A brigand who goes by the name of Pietro di Rossi is giving great trouble to the authorities, and there are reasons, connected with the family mystery, why he is regarded with the utmost dread by the Wintermeres. Who this man is we shall not relate; nor why the Earl and his family, when he gets thrown into prison and condemned to death, endeavour, but in vain, to move the authorities in his favour; nor why, when all has failed, Faber visits him in prison, changes clothes, and takes his place in the cell while he escapes. All these matters are so bound up with the mystery that we doubt not the reader will be better disposed to track the mazes of the plot for himself, without having his interest destroyed by anticipation. He will probably, however, not object to being informed that the gallant Faber is soon released from prison, and in the end obtains the hand of the lady of his love.

In this the main chain of the story, there are many links. We have a set of rascally gamblers, who make an attempt to strangle a man who has won enormously of them—an attempt which is defeated by Faber, who thereby acquires a power over the scoundrels which he is enabled, on more than one occasion, to use with great advantage; and there is a strange recluse, of the name of Penrhyn, who is literally a pagan in religion as well as in tastes, and who carries about with him in a box a skeleton, to which a tragical history is attached. Among the lighter sketches is that of a rough, old-fashioned Devonshire family, the drunken, fox-hunting head of which is constantly quarrelling with his son because he won't drink, and has a weak liking for poetry. And the interest of the story is occasionally diversified by little episodes of conversation in which the scholarly and literary spirit of the author is made manifest. One of these we may quote. Faber's friend, Mr. Vernon, has been reading to him a scene from the "Prometheus Bound." After awhile, he pauses and asks:—

"Is not that magnificent?"

"Unquestionably; and it suggests to me a problem, which I have often wished to see solved—namely, why, since modern literature is so vast and varied, thousands of thoughtful men like yourself often, when in search of pure pleasure, throw aside what is recent to go back to the records of ancient thought and invention?"

"Your question, Faber, implies a fallacy: thought is neither ancient nor modern, it is merely beautiful or otherwise."

"Well, then, lay aside all reference to antiquity, and suppose me to be speaking of the authors who wrote on the banks of the Ilissus and the Tiber."

"I have frequently perplexed myself on that subject. The best explanation, however, that has occurred to me is, that for reasons which I think are by no means obvious, the writers you speak of raise and cheer the mind, while the others for the most part irritate and depress it."

"But there must be exceptions."

"Not more than two that I am aware of—Shakespeare and Chaucer. In the old authors, there is a bold, free, upsurging spirit, which, whether they treat of good-fortune or calamity, throws you into a state of mind capable of sympathizing with the one and supporting the other."

"The fact is as you say, but how is it to be accounted for?"

"Perhaps by the concurrence of many causes, among which climate goes for something, though by itself, not for much. The other causes were manners, institutions, opinions, which imparted to the whole national mind a buoyancy, a sportiveness, a boundless daring which shrunk from nothing, but threw itself over the whole universe as over its own domain. Besides, the people and the authors felt and thought alike; there was no censorship but the national judgment, which approved of whatever was not absurd, whereas, in modern nations, there always exists a censorship, under one form or another, which clips the wings of speculation, and by so doing, damps and dulls the faculties. Shakespeare and Chaucer set this censorship at defiance, and hence, in part at least, the supreme fascination of their writings."

"Faber smiled, and said, 'Just fancy what a couple of pedants we should be thought if many of our friends were to hear what we are saying.'"

"Don't trouble yourself about that, my boy! Silly people always think those pedants who know more, and think less absurdly, than they, and thus form a part of the censorship to which I just now alluded."

Such passages as this, however, are quite exceptional. Mr. St. John does not forget that the chief office of a story-teller is to tell a story. He has here told one full of curious complications, pleasantly flavoured with mystery and adventure, and evincing a wide knowledge of the diversities of modern life.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.*

IN republishing the letters which he communicated, from February to May, to the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Dicey has determined, as he states in his preface, to leave them much as they flowed originally from his pen, "omitting only such portions as had, if any, solely a passing interest." We think this was hardly a wise decision. A Special Correspondent, writing from day to day from the seat of war, is necessarily obliged to content himself at times with very imperfect, or even incorrect, information, to set down rumours in place of facts, to resort to speculations which the subsequent course of events not unfrequently renders valueless or futile, and, at best, to relate the incidents of the struggle in a fragmentary, ill-connected way. We put up with these defects in the daily newspaper, because we can get our intelligence in no other manner; but in a book we look for something more orderly, complete, and digested—something which shall supplement the unavoidable imperfections of journalism, not simply repeat them. We do not deny that the hurry and excitement in which the Special Correspondent indites his letters give a certain zest to those compositions, considered in their original quality, as utterances of and for the moment. In Dr. Russell's correspondence from the Crimea, we often seemed to behold the very dust of the moving troops, the very smoke of the conflict; to hear the roar and clangour of arms and men and steeds; to participate in all the hurry and confusion and anxiety of the passing moment. The effect was like that of the "instantaneous photograph," which fixes a vanishing vapour in the act of vanishing. But this vividness of impression is associated with so many inevitable drawbacks that we are hardly disposed to accept it when it comes to us in cold blood in the more deliberate form of a book. It appears to us, therefore, that it would have been better had Mr. Dicey used his letters as materials for compiling something like a connected and substantial narrative of the recent operations in Schleswig, Holstein, and Jutland, and thus giving the reader a clearer and more logical idea of the progress of the war than could be gathered from the disjointed statements of the daily press. Still, the author's two volumes, even as they stand, are well worth reading by those who did not read them from day to day in the columns of the newspaper to which they were contributed; and it must be admitted that, had the more severe historical form been adopted, we should have missed some very pleasant passages of description, sketching, with a light, cheerful, and sometimes humorous touch, the scenery and the people, the towns and the climate, of a part of Europe not far removed from our own, and connected with us by old ties of blood, yet almost totally unexplored even by the far-travelling Englishman.

Mr. Dicey modestly trusts that he may claim credit for having written with fairness on both sides. He has a right to do so, for none but the most rabid partisans will accuse him of an unjust bias in the statement of facts. His own view of the rights of the question are less friendly to the Danes than those which have been advocated throughout in this journal; but it cannot be said that he exhibits any bitterness towards them, or that he does not cordially acknowledge their splendid heroism and devotion, and their many excellent qualities as a nation, or that he fails to point out the wrong-doings of the Austrians and Prussians. The tone in which he writes is quite judicial in its impartiality; nevertheless, he does not conceal the fact that he considers the Danes mainly in the wrong. His argument is, that not only is Holstein German in its population, but that, owing to the constant spread of the Teutonic race northwards, Schleswig has become so to a great extent, and will, in time, be almost entirely German; that in the fifteenth century Christian of Denmark, on being made Duke of Schleswig and Count of Holstein, formally acknowledged to the Estates of those provinces that he had been elected, "not as King of Denmark, but purely through the good-will of the electors," adding, that "the States shall for ever enjoy the right of choosing their princes;" that nevertheless attempts have been made within the present century to incorporate Schleswig with Denmark Proper; and that it is to the conflict of nationalities thus engendered that all the present troubles of the little Scandinavian monarchy are owing. Denmark, he thinks, not by any fault of her own—certainly not from any want of courage in her sons—has been compelled by her weakness and insignificance to rely too much upon the Great Powers, and, in the hope of being supported by them as a part of the European system, has advanced to her own destruction upon a path which she would never have entered had she

* The Schleswig-Holstein War. By Edward Dicey, author of "Rome in 1860," and late Special Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. Two vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

been aware that she would be left without any external support from other countries. The Eider-Dane policy, argues Mr. Dicey, has been a disastrous failure, and the party which supported and enforced it must bear the responsibility of the misfortune. Writing on May 5th, he says that "the capture of Dybbol, with the loss of half the army, produced an immense effect throughout the country," to the disadvantage of the Danish Liberals; but he admits that until then the Eider-Dane policy "commanded the support of the vast majority of the nation."

Into the merits of these political questions we will not here enter, having so frequently discussed them in the more political department of our paper; but a sketch or two of Danish life and manners may not be uninteresting to our readers. Our author went to visit Svenborg, a thorough old-fashioned Danish town, which he thus describes:—

"Nestling in the centre of the Thorsenge is the port of Svenborg. On either side of it stretch the tideless waters of the strait which leads from the 'Store' to the 'Lille Belt'; behind it rises the low sloping forest-crowned upland, and in front is the shoal-like wooded shore of Taasinge. But, beautiful as the position is, there is nothing in the look of the town, seen from the water, to add to its picturesque-ness. A confused mass of low red-tile roofs, the high, white-washed tower of the parish church, and a few lofty warehouses—these are all the features that catch your eye as you sail up towards the port. When you enter within the town, there is not much to please a painter's eye. The streets are narrow, winding, and irregular, but there is little beauty even about their want of symmetry. With the exception of a few new stucco-covered dwellings of modern dimensions, the houses are very small, and very low. Even in the main streets there are many houses not more than one story high; most of them are plastered over with a sort of gritty compost, such as you see used in English village cottages, painted pink or slate-colour; windows are very plentiful, and the panes very small; each house has stone steps before its door; gable-ends and high-peaked roofs are common; foot-walks there are next to none, and the pavements are constructed of round sharp stones, dreadful to walk upon, and worse to ride over. The shops are about of the same stamp as you would find in a small English market town; taverns are not plentiful, and any place of public amusement appears to be unknown. The one charm about the place, to my mind, consists in the exceeding cleanness and tightness of the dwellings. Not a brick is out of its place, not a tile is loose upon the roofs, not a pane of glass is stuffed up with paper, even in the poorest houses. In the whole of Svenborg I have not seen a dwelling where a rich man in England would be likely to live, or where, as far as warmth, and shelter, and outward cleanness are concerned, any reasonable man would complain of being forced to live.

"The same absence of marked contrast between wealth and poverty is visible in the look of the townsfolk. Everybody is decently dressed—nobody handsomely. Every woman, belonging in any way to the well-to-do classes, is in mourning—as is the case over all Denmark—for the late King; common women wear white caps and warm woollen dresses of sombre colours. Crinoline has hardly made its way here, and hats are but seldom seen. Men and boys wear cloth or fur caps, and long brown coats, reaching down to their heels. Wooden shoes are very common, and everybody has a superabundance of woollen comforters and worsted mittens. Of private carriages I have not met one about the streets; but then I have also not seen a single beggar. I have spent most of my time here in going round with my friend to visit the different merchants and shippers with whom he has business connections. Everybody is friendly, everybody is hospitable, and everybody takes it unkindly if you and your friend, and your friend's friend, will not smoke and drink at his expense, and shake hands a score of times, with or without the slightest provocation. To those accustomed to English merchant life it seems incredible that these homely, shabby-looking traders, with the air and dress of elderly clerks not over well-to-do, can be men of capital, or that business of any large amount can be transacted in these poky little dens of offices. You go into a small room, the whole furniture of which consists of a deal desk, a safe, and a couple of rickety chairs, and are told to your surprise that all the vessels whose pictures you see hanging upon the walls belong to the firm, and are sailing in the Indian Ocean, plying between China and Amsterdam, or Liverpool and Rio. Altogether, I felt as if I had got transported back to the days of the old-fashioned English traders whom you read about in Defoe's works. The offices of these Svenborg merchants form part of their dwelling-houses. The sons are the fathers' clerks, and everything is done by the principals themselves, from copying letters to accepting bills. Business appears never to be at an end. From daylight till late in the evening the traders are hanging about their offices, and, though the streets are empty by nine, the shops are kept open till near eleven."

Visiting a house belonging to the keeper of the forests in the island of Alsen, Mr. Dicey makes the acquaintance of some Danish ladies, of whom he gives an agreeable account:—

"There are officers stationed in the house—officers are stationed everywhere; and I fancy that the grown-up daughters, however much, as Danish girls, they may deplore the war, still feel the change from the ordinary solitude of their life not an unpleasant one. Family life in Denmark is, to a casual visitor like myself, singularly easy of access; everything is so simple, and everybody is so kindly-hearted. In this, as in almost every house of well-to-do persons which it has been my good fortune to enter, there was not a lady of the family who did not speak English more or less, and German, and who could not play on the piano with some artistic skill, in so far as I am capable of judging. The Danish ladies, I should say, are not strong-minded, and have certainly no idea of the rights of women. It is curious, and at first rather startling to an Englishman, to find that the young ladies, who have been playing and talking to you before supper about Bulwer,

and Dickens, and Thackeray, and the Princess Alexandra—a never-failing topic of conversation—carry round the cups and change the plates, and, in fact, wait upon you instead of servants. I have no doubt they cook the dinner themselves, and mend the snow-white table-linen. Then, when the meals are over—how the women get fed is a mystery to me—they come back into the drawing-room and resume their conversation with perfect equanimity. I do not know that I should like to live in the country in Denmark. I think it possible I might get tired of whist at farthing points, of eating brown bread and butter morning, noon, and evening, of going to bed at ten and rising at seven. But still the ordinary existence here is singularly easy and unpretending. And even in the throbs of a struggle for national being, the placidity of the current of daily life scarcely seems ruffled."

Mr. Dicey's volumes are unquestionably amusing, and they will help our comprehension of a very difficult and a very important question. Their value consists, not in their history—in which respect they are wanting in firmness, cohesion, and arrangement—but in the sketches of scenery, life, and manners with which they abound.

OUR SALMON FISHERIES.*

WE are gradually awaking from the torpid condition in which we have lain so long. Our practical naturalists have for years been announcing the alarming fact that our supply of fish is diminishing; but unhappily we have turned a deaf ear to their statements, or, having heard them, have considered them of little import. The time has now come when something must be done to resuscitate our decaying fisheries. No doubt, the exertions of Mr. Buckland and others in this direction are very laudable; but, then, these gentlemen are, in our opinion, expending both time and trouble upon a very unprofitable soil. They think to cultivate the salmon fisheries of the Thames, and, as the result of thousands of ova consigned to our noble river, we believe a solitary fish captured at Greenwich has alone rewarded their efforts. We wish them every success; but we may fairly doubt whether a polluted stream, the combination of foul water, organic and offensive matter, and mineral refuse of every description, will be found congenial to the salmon's tastes. We would urge, therefore, upon experimental pisciculturists, the propriety of operating under conditions more likely to produce favourable results. Why not apply their energies to the development of the Irish salmon fisheries? In Ireland there are several rivers in which salmon already abound, and whose waters, owing to the absence of large towns and manufactories, are in a perfectly pure state. What we want is a large number of workers in the field. To produce this, three things are necessary: 1st, it must be shown that our fisheries are being deteriorated; 2nd, the sources of this deterioration must be explained; and, 3rd, the natural history of the salmon must be more widely known.

By the general distribution of works like that with which Mr. Russel has now favoured the public, these three conditions will be fulfilled. His book, which may be regarded as one of a series of essays upon the subject of fish-culture, is of its kind a most valuable monograph. Accurately scientific, when science has been introduced, the present volume is well and agreeably written, and contrasts very favourably with the majority of its class. In the first chapter we are treated to a useful and amusing history of the salmon, and herein also we find, besides an account of the value of the fishery in a commercial aspect, a defence of the charge of cruelty commonly advanced against the angler:—

"Just let the young lady who is shocked at the cruelty of angling tell us on what she has been dining. Is it not lamb, the flesh of the animal which all the poets, over whom she has such pleasure in sighing, have chosen as the very emblem of innocence and helplessness? 'Yes, but I did not kill it; I sought no pleasure in the poor thing's death.' We join issue with you here, and insist that wherever there is any difference between you, the lamb-eater, and us, the fish-slayers, it is all in our favour. To get that joint of lamb, you hired a coarse and greasy butcher, who, with unkind clutches in its fleece, roughly seized the little bleater, tied its feet with cruel cords—those feet, you know, that gambolled on the hill, and frisked over the mead, and so forth—dashed it roughly on a stool, and thrust a jagged knife through its innocent throat."

Mr. Russel has done ample justice to the salmon's natural history, and has detailed, at considerable length, the various experiments made by Scotch pisciculturists to ascertain the age at which the parr leaves the river for the ocean, and the identity of the parr and young salmon. This part of his book will be read with much interest, both by zoologists and those ignorant of the subject upon which it treats. An unusual absence of partizanship characterizes our author's production, and, while he draws possible conclusions with the utmost care, he is ever ready to admit his ignorance when a fact is questionable. Thus, after completing his sketch of the life-history of the fish, he writes:—

"It would be dishonest to omit to mention, merely because we cannot pretend to explain, another mystery as to the movements of the salmon, which no experiments have done anything to clear up. What are those *clean* salmon that run up the rivers in late winter or early spring?—where have they been in the preceding months?—what are they wanting now? They cannot be wanting to spawn, for there is no spawning for at least six months to come. They cannot have spawned early in the preceding or rather present spawning season,—gone

* The Salmon. By Alexander Russel. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

down, recovered, and returned; for numerous experiments show that the shortest period of return is about three months, and it is only about three months since the earliest fish had begun to spawn in the river which these are now ascending. They must have passed the autumn or earlier winter in the sea. There they must have passed the winter without breeding, and then we have the discouraging fact or hypothesis, that the salmon is a fish which does not breed every year."

The decay of the salmon is clearly pointed out, and we learn from the tables which Mr. Russel has prepared, that the falling off in the supply of this fish from the Tweed has been most astounding. In that river, from the years 1811 to 1815, there were captured, of maiden salmon, 68,057, and of adult fish, 40,297; but from 1851 to 1855, the numbers taken were, of the former, 23,905, and of the latter, only 9,085! The chapter on "salmon-legislation" contains much useful historical matter, and that on "non-legislative remedies" some very important hints. Altogether the work is a valuable contribution to the branch of literature to which it belongs, and one which, from the pleasing character of its diction, and the accurate nature of its matter, cannot fail to increase the already considerable reputation of its author.

PAINTERS AND PAINTING.*

In the volume before us, Mr. Wornum has given a condensed account of the history and progress of the art of painting from the earliest ages, as developed in the various nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa, accompanied by biographical and critical sketches of all the most eminent masters of the art, both ancient and modern, in the different European schools. The present work is, in a great measure, an enlargement of two former books by Mr. Wornum on the same subject, viz., a brief essay published in 1847, and an amplified edition of that essay prepared for the Oxford Middle Class Examination in 1859. But, although all that was contained in the latter work has been preserved in the volume under notice, the existing essay includes a considerable amount of entirely new matter, besides a good deal of interesting information which it would have been impossible to give in 1859, as many important discoveries have been made since that period, and new facts are still continually coming to light, through the active researches of several able foreign writers. Mr. Wornum has kept up the main plan of his two former essays as regards the division of the work into seven books and thirty-three chapters; but he has slightly altered the arrangement of the matter in detail, and likewise the peculiar disposition and classification of the chapters, many of which are altogether new. The "essay" now contains more than double the amount of matter in that of 1859. The first three chapters are devoted to a history of the rise and progress of painting and the fine arts in Asia (including Persia, India, and China), and in Egypt, Greece, and Asia Minor. These introductory articles are at once compendious, instructive, and entertaining. Speaking of Egyptian art, our author remarks that "there are very few historical facts known connected with the history of painting in Egypt; but the earliest portrait, and one of the earliest pictures on record, is an Egyptian painting, namely, the portrait of Amasis, King of Egypt, mentioned by Herodotus." Mr. Wornum proceeds to state that "three classes of paintings have been discovered in Egypt,—those on the walls, those on the cases and cloths of mummies, and those on Papyrus rolls: the first class is the most numerous." He considers, however, that, judging from the specimens which have hitherto been discovered, Egyptian paintings can hardly be considered fine art—an opinion in which we should say most people will concur. In a subsequent chapter on "Early Art in Greece and Asia Minor," he says that "painting, like many other arts, appears to have been first established in Greece, mainly through communication with Egypt and Asia Minor, and was long sustained only through continued intercourse between Greece and those countries," notwithstanding that "the patriotism, or perhaps the egotism, of the Greeks endeavoured to assign to painting, in Greece, a Greek origin." This is, no doubt, very true; yet there seems good reason to believe that painting, as well as sculpture and architecture, made an immense advance in the hands of the Hellenes beyond the barbarism of Asiatic genius. To the three opening chapters already mentioned, succeed a series of others, treating severally of the "Development of Painting in Greece," about 600 B.C.; the "Period of Establishment," about 400 B.C.; the "Period of Refinement;" the "Decline;" "Roman Painting and Decorative Art;" and "Ancient Remains, Methods, and Colours used." All these contain a large amount of interesting matter, besides short lives or anecdotal memoirs of many of the ancient Greek painters. Then follow two short chapters on "Early Christian Painting and Manuscript Illuminations," and the rest of the work is devoted to a criticism on all the schools of painting of note in modern Europe. This part of the volume consists chiefly of brief biographical memoirs of all the most eminent masters of the last six centuries, as well as several less known men, together with critical essays on their genius and works. Many of these are quoted from other writers, although, perhaps, the greater number are from the pen of Mr. Wornum himself. Living artists are excluded.

Of Raphael, we read:—

"In all his works, the treatment is subordinate to the conception;

many men have surpassed him in mere execution, in which respect he was often, if not generally, careless, and certainly indifferent to high finish. He has, however, scarcely been approached in propriety of invention, composition, or expression, and is almost without an equal in design; for moral force in allegory and history, unrivalled; for fidelity in portrait, unsurpassed; and in sublimity and grandeur inferior only to Michael Angelo, whose prophets and sybils in the Sistine Chapel are in these respects indisputably the triumphs of modern art."

In another place, Mr. Wornum remarks that "in Raphael, painting attained its highest dramatic development," while he considers the Cartoons the noblest and most characteristic of his works, in which alone his style is fully expounded.

In that division of his essay which relates to the Spanish school of painting, Mr. Wornum advances a theory that the earlier development of this art in Spain was due to the emigration of Flemish masters to that country, of which there are numerous records. Italian influence, however, in the estimation of Mr. Wornum, has had considerable effect as regards the origin and progress of painting, both in Spain and England, although in the latter country its operation would appear to have reached us through the medium of Germany and Flanders. Regarding the style and character of the historical works of the Spanish painters, Mr. Wornum most truly observes that "we have in the historical painting of Spain, morally or intellectually, little besides the most abject superstition and dismal asceticism, the fruits of a sacerdotal nightmare of centuries." We have often observed this fact in Spanish pictures, both old and modern, and it thoroughly accords with the gloomy, morose, and saturnine character of the people. The same remarks, with, perhaps, a few slight modifications, might, we conceive, be applied to Albert Dürer, and others of the earlier German and Dutch artists.

We cannot help thinking that in his chapter on painting in England Mr. Wornum has somewhat underrated Sir Joshua Reynolds, and said by far too little both about Hogarth and Turner, especially the former, who, besides being, perhaps, the greatest of English painters, was the inventor and founder of an entirely new school or style in the art of painting, and, therefore, being thus one of the most original of artists, is worthy of a rather longer essay than we here find allotted to him. On the other hand, Mr. Wornum seems to us to have devoted a great deal too much space to a critical dissertation on the respective merits of Rubens and Rembrandt. Indeed, throughout the book, the author has, in our opinion, dilated too frequently on several comparatively unimportant and trivial subjects, which might have been shortened with advantage. Still, the work is, on the whole, a valuable one; and the professional artist or amateur lover of painting will find in it much to set him thinking, whether in the way of agreement or dissent. The book is illustrated with forty woodcuts, including, besides several engravings from the works of old and modern masters, an Egyptian artist at work, an Egyptian entertainment, from the British Museum, and a very elegant and graceful figure of a dancing girl, from the "House of the Female Dancers" at Pompeii.

WORKS OF FICTION.*

"UNDER THE BAN," or, according to its original title, "Le Maudit," is a work that has naturally created great and, indeed, unusual interest in France. Nor is this to be wondered at. As a work of fiction, written by a priest, it has, beyond doubt, a special attraction to readers both of the Roman Catholic and Protestant communion; while, in many respects, its accurate and minute delineation of religious life, lay and sacerdotal, both in the capital and the provinces of the Empire, at the present moment, will necessarily cause it to be read in this country with peculiar avidity. It is an error to suppose, as many do, that fashion and frivolity are the sole occupants of the Gallican mind, or that "*la gloire*" and dissipation form the exclusive objects of French society. The author's intimate acquaintance with the condition of religious feeling in his own country, the continual struggles of the most earnest-minded section of the priesthood against the oppression of the yoke under which they suffer, the agitation which pervades the whole body at the discussion of such questions as the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, the advisability or otherwise of the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope, the ambition and worldly-mindedness of the prelacy, the conflicting intrigues of the regular orders of the clergy, and, notably, the greed and hypocrisy of the Jesuit fraternity, as well as the general internal management of ecclesiastical affairs, both at Rome and elsewhere, and the ultra-montane tendencies of the time among the Western Churches, are matters treated of by the author with a thorough mastery of his subject, and in a vivid and energetic style.

The Abbé's extensive and varied experience has enabled him to lay before the world in the guise of fiction many most interesting particulars of the duties and difficulties of his sacred profession, with which our insular community has for long been little familiar. Sincere piety, without formality on the one side, or mysticism on the other, and a liberal spirit on social and political questions, are agreeable characteristics of this remarkable work. The individual sufferings of the La Clavières (brother and sister, as supposed, and the hero and heroine of the narrative)—sufferings

* The Epochs of Painting: a Biographical and Critical Essay on Painting and Painters of all Times and many Places. By Ralph Nicholson Wornum, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. London: Chapman & Hall.

* Under the Ban; a Tale of the Nineteenth Century. By M. L'Abbé —. Three vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.
Blythe House. By R. F. H. London: Virtue, Brothers.

attributable to the machinations of the brotherhood of Loyola, and other malevolent influences which bring the young and ardent reformer of his religious contemporaries "Under the Ban"—are delineated with a painful fidelity and verisimilitude which have been rarely surpassed in productions of this class. The dullness of provincial, the vivacity of Parisian, society, and the charms and perils of Pyrenean solitudes, are forcibly and appropriately depicted. The events related succeed each other with rapidity, and the alternations of fortune frequently produce striking and sometimes romantic effects. The work is one of much talent and interest.

"Blythe House" has the merit of being a simple and sensibly-written story, in which we accordingly find the reflections just, the characters natural, and the incidents probable. It is a quiet domestic narrative, free from ambitious writing or startling effects; but the course of events never stagnates. In a brief compass the writer has contrived to exhibit considerable variety of character, without the sacrifice of continuous, though it may be tranquil, interest. Suitable in every respect as a gift-book for the young, it may be safely commended as containing no perversion of sentiment, nor any attempt to varnish over the miserable consequences of wrong-doing, which, in relation to certain personages of the story, are graphically described. Nevertheless, the charitable spirit which it inculcates towards the truly penitent is worthy of our most hearty approval.

BOOKS OF POEMS.*

"MENE TEKEL" relates how, in the celestial regions, a band of virtues, in number seven, to wit, Moses, Luke, Lazarus, David, Job, Gideon, and Sampson, agree to descend to earth, and, while exploring the wrongs and sufferings of mortals, try, if possible, to rectify them in some particulars. For their assistance—

"Of cherubs with the mission went a batch,
The postal service of the firmament,
Retrenched to head and wings for more despatch."

These, alighting upon the summit of a mountain in Ireland, and noticing the proximity of the two religious establishments in that ill-fated country, and their anomalous position with regard to each other, dilate upon the iniquities of a system so sanctioned by the Government of the neighbouring island. True it is that such things have been more powerfully and appropriately denounced in the plain prose in vogue among members of Parliament and the press, for many years; but the subject is, no doubt, susceptible of an indefinite amount of discussion, since it appears from the census of 1861 that no fewer than 199 parishes in Ireland are without a single member of the Established Church, the incumbents of which, nevertheless, draw from the Roman Catholic population and their possessions the ample income of their sinecures. The poem consists of two cantos, written in the Spenserian stanza, with uniform correctness of versification, and occasional vigour of expression.

In "Stansfeld," which Mr. Roberts dedicates to the memory of Shakespeare, a younger brother is represented as procuring the death of his elder brother by the hands of a hired murderer, and afterwards assassinating the man who had committed the previous murder. The fratricide succeeds to the family estates and title, and also to the hand and fortune of his victim's affianced bride. This play is composed partly in blank verse, partly in prose, and, in spite of the truly tragic incidents above alluded to, the prevailing sentiment of the work may be described as that of humour. It is in effect a comedy, "tempered," like the Russian Government, "by assassination," and produces upon the reader an analogous impression to that made on his audience by the appearance of Liston in the character of Hamlet. We would recommend the author to try his hand at comedy *pur et simple*.

"Things New and Old" is a collection of meditations on solemn subjects, mostly headed by texts of Scripture, and conceived in a pious strain, if not distinguished by a very liberal or enlightened spirit of interpretation. The comment, as, indeed, is generally the case, is narrower than the text would justify. The author has some peculiar notions, social as well as religious, as we find him stating, in a foot-note to one of his productions, that "it is clear, from the Word of God, that not only is slavery itself a lawful institution, but that it is ordained to exist to the end of time; hence, the only result of all modern attempts to abolish it must be to aggravate its miseries." The brilliant logic contained in this passage can only be paralleled by the following geographical enigma, which we respectfully submit to our author's reconsideration in case any future edition of his lucubrations should be required by a discerning public:—

"Time, like a narrow isthmus, lies
Between two oceans vast;
Uniting two eternities,
The future and the past."

Written, probably, by a married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt's poems contain some pleasing lines, giving unquestionable evidence of poetic sensibility, if not much proof of creative capacity. Family

* Mene Tekel: a Vision of a Doomed Church. London: Chapman & Hall.
Stansfeld: a Tragedy. By Samuel Drake Roberts. London: W. Kent.
Things New and Old; consisting of Meditations in Verse on Solemn Subjects. London: F. Algar.
The Nests at Washington, and other Poems. By J. J. Pratt and Sarah Pratt. New York and London: Low.

affections, domestic incidents, and devout sentiments, form the staple of these pages, with here and there studies of a classical or legendary nature interspersed. Of the latter class, "The Golden Hand," which we regret not having space to quote, is perhaps the most striking and suggestive. The poem, however, entitled "The Year 1860," shows the greatest power, both in design and execution, in imagery, thought, and scope, of anything in the volume; alluding, as it does, with much dignity and solemnity, to the termination of a remarkable period.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Theological Works of the Rev. John Howard Hinton, M.A. Vol. I. Systematic Divinity (Houlston & Wright).—Having discovered, to his great surprise, that he was a voluminous author without knowing it, Mr. Hinton is now engaged in imparting that knowledge to the outer world, by means of a reissue of his theological writings in six closely-printed volumes, of which the first, consisting of 490 pages, now lies before us. The collection, however, is the result of nearly forty years' toil, so that each specific treatise has doubtless received a due amount of the reverend author's attention. Mr. Hinton refers with a rather amusing complacency to the fact of his books not having "fallen still-born from the press," but, on the contrary, winning the regard of "the intelligent and the thoughtful," though failing to obtain an amount of circulation equal to that of sensation novels. Cheered by these recollections, and by the prospective encouragement of a good subscription list, he now once more advances to the contest in the interests of "Moderate Calvinism." His writings place the views involved in that term in a compact, laborious, and intelligent form before the reader; and we have no doubt that this reissue will command a large number of purchasers, over and above those who figure in the subscribers' list.

Diplomacy in Japan: being Remarks upon Correspondence respecting Japan, presented to both Houses of Parliament (Blackwood & Sons).—The object of this pamphlet is to defend the British mercantile community at Yeddo and other Japanese towns from the charges frequently brought against them, of having by misconduct and arrogance provoked the recent troubles in that remote region. The writer turns the tables on the accusers, and argues that existing complications are entirely owing to the mismanagement of our diplomatic agents and the false policy of the Home Government. He says that we have been overbearing, dictatorial, and encroaching, where we ought to have been conciliatory and respectful of the rights of an independent Power; and he affirms that, both at Canton and in Japan, the Extraterritoriality clauses of the treaties of commerce—that is, those clauses which provide for the punishment by our own consuls of offences committed by our countrymen against natives—have been the parent of collisions and wars. We are now, in the opinion of the writer, occupying in the East a position similar to that of Prussia and Austria in Denmark, and, in conjunction with the French, are "invading the soil of Japan, and trying to goad this friendly people into some offence which may offer an excuse for commencing a war." The avowed object of this policy is "the extension of Western civilisation;" but the pamphleteer thinks such a result a long way off, and in the meanwhile he disapproves of the road by which it is sought to be reached.

A Handy Guide for the Draper and Haberdasher; embracing Hints on the General Drapery Business, &c. (F. Pitman).—Writing from personal experience and observation, the author of this little book undertakes to instruct his readers, if they are desirous of speculating in the businesses to which he refers, in the proper way of entering into business, of purchasing goods, of arranging stock, of "marking," abatement of price, giving credit, weighing, measuring, advertising, "touting," engagement of apprentices and other assistants, keeping of accounts, investment of money, holidays, and final retirement. Defoe and Izaak Walton were haberdashers and literary men, so that there is nothing incongruous in the association of linen and literature. The present writer, moreover, seems to be a man of good sense and fair utterance, and much that he says would apply to other businesses besides those to which he more especially alludes.

The Light of the Forge; or, Counsels drawn from the Sick Bed of E. M. By William Harrison, A.M., Rector of Birch, Essex, Domestic Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge (Macintosh).—As long ago as the February of 1853, Mr. Harrison published the first edition of this little book, which contains a description of the illness and conversion of the daughter of a village blacksmith, who, after severe and prolonged suffering, found repose and relief in death. "E. M." was of a very religious frame of mind—at least, after her malady; and a large part of her memoirs consists of the letters which she wrote to her friends on subjects connected with the doctrines of Christianity. These letters are highly commended by Mr. Harrison: to us they appear too self-conscious and artificial for a young, uneducated girl's composition. The book, however, has reached a second edition, and there must consequently be a large number of readers whose feelings it reflects and illustrates.

Dr. Pierotti and his Assailants; or, a Defence of "Jerusalem Explored." By the Rev. George Williams, B.D., Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Author of "The Holy City." With an Appendix of Documents (Bell & Daldy).—*The Holy Places at Jerusalem; or, Fergusson's Theories and Pierotti's Discoveries.* By T. G. Bonney, M.A., F.G.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge (Same Publishers).—The grand controversy between Mr. Fergusson and Signor Pierotti, with respect to the errors and misrepresentations alleged to have been made by the latter in connection with the topography of Jerusalem, is here reviewed by two gentlemen, who both take up the cudgels for the Italian traveller. Mr. Williams's pamphlet embodies the substance of a paper read before the Oxford Architectural Society, at their annual meeting on June 6th. Mr. Bonney is the translator

of Signor Pierotti's work. Both gentlemen seem well qualified to argue on the knotty points involved; and both, while acknowledging that their client has made some mistakes, acquit him of all dishonesty of intention, and affirm that his views are right in the main. It is curious to observe how much bitterness and animosity may be imported into a difference of opinion of this sort, which apparently offers no ground for quarrelsomeness; but the disputes of archæologists are known to be among the most vehement of their kind, and we suppose the same tendency belongs to architects.

The Standard Manual of Arithmetic, Theoretical and Practical, edited by J. S. Laurie (Murby), and *Handbook to Book VI. of the Standard Writing Exercise Books*, by the same author, and issued by the same publisher, are two little helps towards the acquisition of knowledge, compiled by a gentleman who, being one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, bears with him a warrant of his capacity in the management of such subjects.

The British Army and Navy Review, No. I., for July, is before us. In addition to a good deal of compiled matter, interesting to the professional soldier and sailor, it presents its readers with the first of a series of essays, by Captain Chesney, R.E., on "Lee's Second Year of Campaigns in Defence of Richmond;" articles on "The Navy Sixty Years Ago," on "Colonisation and War in New Zealand," on "The Organization of the British Army," "Denmark," "The Napiers," "The Volunteers" (by Mr. Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Browne's School Days"), "The Navy of the Confederate States," &c. Mr. James Grant tells "The Story of Major André," and "Ouida" has a spirited sketch, called "Sir Galahad's Raid, an Adventure on the Sweet Waters." Altogether, a very good shilling's-worth.

The Victoria Magazine for July has an interesting article, by S. Winkworth, on Miss Cobbe's "Broken Lights," a book of Deistical theology noticed in these columns some months ago, on which the writer bestows much praise for its ability, while dissenting from its main conclusions. "Industrial Self-help in 1864," and "The Education of Girls," form the subjects of other papers. Mr. Trollope's "Lindisfarne Chase" progresses, and a short notice of the late Mr. Nassau W. Senior, whose "Diary Kept in Egypt" is suspended for this month, is honoured with a complimentary black border.

The Social Science Review for July contains six articles devoted to "Prison Discipline," "Pastoral Science," "The Rate of Mortality in the Staffordshire Potteries," "Public Schools," "Cheap Periodical Literature," and "Army Medical Service." Those who are fond of statistics and tabular matter may gratify their taste in the pages of this Review.

We have received No. VI. of *The Art Student*,—No. X. of *The Autographic Mirror*,—No. X. of *The Child's Commentator*,—No. IV. of *The Sunday School Teacher's Commentary on the New Testament*, by Eastace R. Conder, M.A.,—*A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy and Laity of the Province of Canterbury*, by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,—and *The Situation*, a pamphlet issued by Mr. Hardwicke, advocating a policy of non-intervention and peace.

"LONDON LIFE AT THE POLICE-COURTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—You were kind enough to give insertion to a paragraph referring to my forthcoming work, "London Life at the Police-courts." The printer has converted my name into "Walls," and the writer of the paragraph, evidently with the kindest intention, for which I am most grateful, has stated "that I have been carefully jotting down for some time past the most extraordinary cases which have become before his worship," &c. The work is a selection from two previous publications, "Oddities of London Life" and "My Private Note-book."

If you would make room for this correction, I should feel sincerely obliged.

Your obedient servant, W. H. WATTS.

S, Aldridge-road Villas, Bayswater, July 1, 1864.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE new volume of poetry from the pen of the Poet Laureate is not to receive the title of "The Idylls of the Hearth," as was recently stated. The word "Idylls," in connection with the poet, had become familiar to most readers by reason of his last work, the "Idylls" of the famous King Arthur, and at the ninth hour it was decided that an entirely new title had better be given to the volume in the press, in order to guard against any confusion with previous publications, and so prevent public misconception. Mr. Tennyson has now decided upon calling his forthcoming book "Enoch Arden." It will form a volume of about the same size as "In Memoriam," and will be published at the same price.

The anecdote of the late Archbishop Whately, now going the round of the press, must surely be erroneous. It states that, in the course of a conversation or disquisition on Satan, the Archbishop once startled his listeners by asking, "If the devil lost his tail, where should he go to find a new one?" and, without giving much time for reflection, replied, "To a gin-palace, for bad spirits are retailed there." Now, the conundrum may be found in a dozen riddle-books, published between 1790 and 1810, and therefore ought not to be fathered on the prelate. If it is merely given as a specimen of the Archbishop's playfulness, then we think some other joke might have been selected besides the favourite one usually bawled forth by the cheap-jacks of London street corners, and those voluble and merry gentlemen who sell real gold rings and a straw for one penny.

With regard to "Manhattan's" recent novel, the American Publishers' Circular says:—"A novel, in three volumes, entitled

'Marion,' is published in London as a panorama of American life, by 'Manhattan,' the Confederate correspondent of the London Morning Herald. It is a reprint, with the name changed, of a tale called 'Vigor,' by Walter Barrett Clerk, which a respectable New York publisher sent out with his own imprint, but immediately withdrew from circulation and his list."

A letter from Paris says that another volume of "Napoleon's Correspondence" has recently appeared. This work is printed at the expense of Government. "The last volume proves Buonaparte to have been a more versatile genius than any of his biographers ever gave him credit for. He is as much at home in treating of ladies' dresses as when planning a campaign, and no man ever evinced more tenderness for feminine weaknesses. From the field of battle he writes to Josephine to go to a ball; and he advises his brother Louis to let Hortense amuse herself, and see as much of life as she desires."

Mr. Buckstone informed his audience on Wednesday night that the first dramatic work from the pen of Miss Braddon would be produced at the Haymarket Theatre. This lady has just announced her intention of commencing another new novel very shortly. It is to appear in the pages of the *St. James's Magazine*, and will bear the title of "Only a Clod."

In anticipation of their appearance in Dover-street, the Editor of Praed's poems has issued a broadsheet, giving a few particulars about the brilliant contributor to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, which will not be without interest to those who have waited so long and so patiently for the often-promised English edition. We read:—"For many years there has hardly been a review or newspaper of literary pretension which has not seized some opportunity of reviving the memory and regretting the non-appearance of Praed's poems. It is hoped that the completeness of this edition may be considered as a justification of an unavoidable delay. Meanwhile, on the other side of the Atlantic, three editions have testified to their popularity. It would be a real pleasure to say that these have been successful in doing justice to their object; but, in fact, the extreme difficulty of verifying the scattered lines to be attributed to one author or another in all the multitudinous annuals and magazines which entomb so much of the wit and fancy of thirty years ago, has operated with singular ill effect upon these publications. Of about 150 pieces contained in the last and fullest of them, more than sixty, in quantity nearly one-fourth of the whole, are undoubtedly not Praed's; and while the sagacity of the Editor has failed to detect but few of those genuine poems which were accessible to him, about 100 of the pieces now published have hitherto remained in MS., and are here for the first time collected." The first volume will include the fairy tales (charming pieces of thoughtful fancy, culled from various albums), and miscellaneous poems arranged in chronological order. The second volume will contain delineations of life and character, collected from the *Etonian*, sketches of manners, selections from early poems, translations, charades, &c. A limited impression, for lovers of fine books, has been printed on large and toned paper.

It is stated that the novels entitled "Le Maudit" and "La Religieuse," which have created so much excitement in France, and of which translations have recently been published here with the titles of "Under the Ban" and "The Nun" (the first whereof is reviewed in our impression of this day), are written by M. Louis Ulbach, a well-known French writer. M. Ulbach, however, denies the statement.

Mr. Abel Heywood, the industrious bookseller, of Manchester, who was elected by his fellow-townsmen last year to the office of Mayor, has just issued an address to his friends in connection with his business, which is now divided with his eldest son. This address contains a few particulars of interest relating to the history of the newspaper press. Mr. Heywood says:—"When, in 1831, I commenced the business of newsagent, the periodical press had barely an existence, and no newspaper published in England sold for a price less than sevenpence, the duty upon each paper being fourpence. The *Poor Man's Guardian*, published by Mr. Henry Hetherington, was commenced in 1830, and in 1831 he offered me the agency for Manchester and the district. The size of the *Poor Man's Guardian* was not equal to one-half of the *Family Herald*; it was, in fact, a demy sheet, and sold for one penny. The judge in the law courts decided that this small sheet, so unlike a newspaper, was one, and as such ought to pay the stamp duty. It was during this year that an organised struggle of friends of the people commenced for the abolition of the stamp duty, or the removal of the 'taxes on knowledge.' In the five years during which this struggle was maintained, 750 persons were fined and imprisoned by the magistrates for vending the *Poor Man's Guardian* and the unstamped press. In the month of March, 1832, the authorities at the Stamp Office in Manchester instituted a prosecution against myself for vending the *Poor Man's Guardian*, and I was committed by the presiding magistrates for the space of four months to the New Bailey prison. The contest between the Government and the publishers became very severe; the parcels for the country agents were seized by the police and confiscated; servant girls carrying bonnet and other boxes were stopped and searched; the coach-offices in London were besieged by the police to capture every suspicious-looking parcel; but the ingenuity of the publishers was a match for them. My parcels were often put in hampers in which shoes are usually packed, and directed to a shopkeeper in Oldham-street, who dealt in those articles."

The serious illness of Mr. Colley Grattan, the author of "Highways and Byways," is mentioned. A few days since, it was stated that he lay in a precarious state.

The book-market is exceedingly inactive. Authors are away or preparing to go, and publishers have few calls other than for Guide Books, and that tourists' literature which finds its season at this period of the year. In the last number of the *Bookseller*, only seven announcements of books in preparation are given as the Editor's gleanings of the month. We have collected the following items:—

The *St. George's Magazine* is the title of a new illustrated monthly, to be commenced on July 25. Its price will be the now familiar one shilling, and its contents will partake of that fine-art character which has long been associated with the names of the publishers, Messrs. ARTHUR HALL & Co., Paternoster-row.

An anti-Confederate work is announced with the title of "The False Nation; or, Why the South Can't Stand."

Mr. BOOTH, of Regent-street, has imported into England a few copies of the great work of M. de Pauly, entitled "An Ethnological Description of the Various Nations and Peoples comprised in the vast Empire of Russia," published under the patronage of the Russian Government, the subscription price of which in that country is 200 silver roubles, equal to £35 sterling. The illustrations consist of sixty-two coloured drawings, executed from nature, representing the costumes and types of the different nations and peoples described, only a limited number of which have been printed, the stones having been immediately destroyed.

Mr. SKEET announces "Rome under Pius IX.," by S. W. Fullom.

Messrs. GROOMBRIDGE & SON have now ready a volume entitled "Wayside Weeds, or Botanical Lessons from the Lanes and Hedges, with a Chapter on Classification," by Spencer Thomson, illustrated with engravings on wood.

Messrs. CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN will shortly publish a "Series of First Books or Catechisms," by the Rev. Dr. Brewer.

Messrs. LOW, SON, & MARSTON will publish, on the 11th instant, "Ten Days in a French Parsonage in the Summer of 1863," by the Rev. George Musgrave, Author of "Bye-roads and Battlefields," in two vols., with an illustration.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. have in the press, besides numerous works already announced, "Brief Notes on the Greek of the New Testament, for English Readers," by the Rev. Francis Trench.

A correspondent writes from Paris:—"I hear that Messrs. Hachette have sold 97,000 copies of M. Edmond About's different works. His 'Paris Marriages' has reached a tenth edition, 'Tolla' an eighth, 'Contemporary Greece' a fifth edition. Their custom is to publish a first edition of 3,000 copies, and subsequent editions of 1,500. They are not the publishers of two of M. About's most successful works—those on Rome. The circulation of the famous, or infamous, novel, 'Fanny,' by M. Feydeau, never exceeded 11,000 copies; for, although it ran through twenty-two editions, those editions were never larger than 500 copies. M. Alexandre Dumas, the younger, has overcome his aversion from print, and sold his last play, 'L'Ami des Femmes;' but it is not a dramatic publisher or his old publisher who brings it out—M. Cadot is the midwife."

La Revue Contemporaine announces that it will begin in its next number the publication of a series of articles on the History of France, by M. Duruy, the French Minister for Public Instruction. This is the first time, we believe, that a Minister in office has ever contributed to such a periodical.

Michel Levy Frères has just published a new romance by Ernest Feydeau, which bears the title of "Le Secret du Bonheur." The novel, treating of the subject of happiness, has, as might be supposed, a moral tendency.

Count Montalivet, formerly Minister under the monarchy of 1830, has published an apology for that monarchy, which bears the extraordinary title of "Rien! dix huit années de Gouvernement Parlementaire." The book is attracting some attention in France. The French papers received a notice not to mention this work; but in some cases the intimation came too late.

Professor Max Müller's "Science of Language" has appeared in France, with the title "Science du Langage."

MM. Bourdin and Villemessant, the Editors of *l'Autographe*, have just published a magnificent album called *l'Autographe du Salon*, which contains two hundred original sketches by the artists who have exhibited this year with their autographs.

The French press, says a Paris journal, is spreading everywhere. There are now a French daily paper in Alexandria, called *l'Egypte*; a paper called the *Courrier du Saignon*, the first which has ever been published in Cochinchina; a French paper for the negroes of English Guinea; and the *Lumière du Lessonto*, a journal for the Bassotto tribes of Caffraria.

Maillet & Co., of Paris, have just published an interesting work on the Lebanon, from the pen of that entertaining writer M. Richard Cortambert, entitled "Aventures d'un Artiste dans le Liban."

"The Anti-Christian democracy," says the *Union*, "intends to induce M. Rénan to offer himself as a candidate for the seat vacant in the Legislative body by the death of Count Boissy-d'Anglas, late Deputy for the Ardèche."

MAPS OF THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.—At the present moment, when so keen an interest is felt in the struggle between Grant and Lee, it may be convenient to some of our readers to know that Messrs. Bacon & Co., of Paternoster-row, have just published at a very moderate price two excellent maps of different portions of the theatre of war. The first gives the country for fifty miles round Washington, and also for the same distance round Richmond; besides showing the more important part of the Shenandoah Valley. The principal topographical features of the district are carefully indicated, and the railways and other roads are fully and accurately laid down. The scale is about 5 miles to the inch, which is amply sufficient to secure clearness and distinctness. The second map is confined to the delineation of the country about Richmond, and of the Peninsula between the James and the York rivers. It is on a still larger scale than the other—nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to a mile. Showing in yet greater detail than

the other map the physical features of the country, it will be found especially useful to those who are anxious to follow the present movements of the two main American armies.

A NEW THEORY OF EARTHQUAKES.—The ancients believed that the sea causes the earthquakes. Experience without science may, perhaps, give hints to science without experience. Living for months in no slight fear of these always alarming, and at that time constant visitors, it is impossible not to form some opinion on the matter. I believe, then, that by the action of the winds, the ocean is forced occasionally into contact with the realms of fire that occupy the centre of the earth, and that the waves, repelled by the flames, generate enormous volumes of steam, which rush furiously along the hollows, conveying with them the lava of those dark regions. This mass of steam-propelled lava seeks everywhere to escape and makes for the volcanoes, and on its passage breaks through or violently shakes the crust of the earth where it is weakest. In proportion, then, to their nearness to great volcanoes, or to main channels leading thereto, countries are more or less affected by earthquakes. In a calm, I imagine that the sea may then be retreating from the fires, which it may have before approached. Steam may then still be generated, but not with the same violence as when, in the inimitable manner described by Homer, Pluto—

"Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arms should lay
His dark dominions open to the day."

Comparing ideas with the respected and amiable late Bishop of Gibraltar at Cephalonia, he assured me that he had long entertained the same opinion as to the manner in which earthquakes probably originated.—*Four Years in the Ionian Islands*, by Viscount Kirkwall.

TRAVELLING IN OLD TIMES.—Whilst communication between different large towns was comparatively easy—passengers travelling from London to York in less than a week before the close of the [seventeenth] century—there were towns situated in the same county, in the year 1700, more widely separated for all practical purposes than London and Inverness are at the present day. If a stranger penetrated into some remote districts about this period, his appearance would call forth, as one writer remarks, as much excitement as would the arrival of a white man in some unknown African village. So it was with Camden in his famous seventeenth-century tour. Camden acknowledges that he approached Lancashire from Yorkshire, "that part of the country lying beyond the mountains towards the western ocean," with a "kind of dread," but trusted to Divine Providence, which, he said, "had gone with him hitherto," to help him in the attempt. Country people still knew little except of their narrow district, all but a small circle of territory being like a closed book to them. They still received but few letters. Now and then a necessity would be laid upon them to write, and thereupon they would hurry off to secure the services of the country parson, or some one attached to the great house in the neighbourhood, who generally took the request kindly. Almost the only intelligence of general affairs was communicated by pedlars and packmen, who were accustomed to retail news with their wares. The wandering beggar who came to the farmer's house craving a supper and bed was the principal intelligencer of the rural population of Scotland so late as 1780.—*Her Majesty's Mails*.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- A Guardian Angel. By Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
Atkinson (G.), Papinian: a Dialogue on State Affairs. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
Babbage (C.), Passages from the Life of a Philosopher. 8vo., 12s.
Brewer (J. S.), Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII. Foreign and Domestic Series. Royal 8vo., 15s. each.
Burnand (F. C.), Tracks for Tourists. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
Cox (Mrs. E. W.), Our Common Insects. Fcp., 2s. 6d.
Fisherman's Children (The). 18mo., 1s. 6d.
Gaze (H.), How to See Switzerland and Venetia for Ten Guineas. Fcp., 1s.
Goode (Rev. W.), The Better Covenant. 6th edit. Fcp., 5s.
Graham (T. J.), Modern Domestic Medicine. 13th edit. 8vo., 16s.
Handy Andy. By S. Lover. New edit. Fcp., 2s.
— Guide for the Draper and Haberdasher. Fcp., 1s.
Head (J. H.), Home Pastimes. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Hicks (J. B.), on Combined and External Version. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Judkin (Rev. T. J.), Church and Home Psalmody. 32mo., 3s. 6d.
Little Rebel (The). 18mo., 3s.
Macé (J.), History of a Bit of Bread. Part I. Fcp., 5s.
Martin Merivale. By P. Croyton. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
Mashedier (R.), Dissent and Democracy. Cr. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
Miles (W.), Remarks on Horses' Teeth. Square, 1s. 6d.
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More Secrets than One. By H. Holl. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., 24s.
Müller (Max), Lectures on the Science of Language. 2nd Series. 8vo., 18s.
Napoleon, Life of. By Jomini. Translated by General Halleck. 4 vols. 8vo., and Atlas, £4. 4s.
Niven (Rev. W.), The Victory over Death. 2nd edit. Fcp., 2s. 6d.
Petrie (Captain), The Strength, &c., of the Army of Great Britain. 2nd edit. 16mo., 1s. 6d.
Phantom Flowers. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
Poetry of the Age of Fable. Fcp., 7s. 6d.
Puckle (Rev. J.), The Church and Fortress of Dover Castle. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Punch. Vol. XLVI. 4to., 8s. 6d.
Quatrefores (A.), Metamorphoses of Man and the Lower Animals. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
Robertson (A.), Laws of Thought. 8vo., 4s.
St. James's Magazine. Vol. X. 8vo., 5s. 6d.
Simmonds (P. L.), Coffee and Chicory. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
Society of Engineers' Transactions, 1863. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Special Practical Guides:—Geneva, Chamounix, and Mont Blanc, and the Bernese Oberland. Fcp., 1s. each.
Thomson (S.), Wayside Weeds. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
Tweedie (Rev. W. A.), Lakes and Rivers of the Bible. Fcp., 3s. 6d.
Vacation Tourists, 1862-63. Edited by F. Galton. 8vo., 16s.
Walker (H.), Memoirs of Distinguished Men of Science. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
White (H.), Guide to the Civil Service. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Wharton (J. J. S.), Articled Clerks' Manual. 9th edit. Royal 12mo., 18s.
Wilks (S. C.), The Present Law of Banns. Fcp., 3s.
Wondrous Strange. By the Author of "Mabel." 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
Wooldrych (W.), Treatise on the Law of Window Lights. 2nd edit. 12mo., 6s.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE FORESTERS' GRAND FETE,
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On and after August 15, until September 9, Life Members who intend to be present at the Meeting may receive their Tickets by applying to the General Treasurer, and returning to him their Life Member's invitation circular; Annual Subscribers who wish to receive their Tickets must return their invitation circular, with £1 enclosed, to the General Treasurer (W. SPOTTISWOODE, Esq., 50, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.) The Executive Committee at Bath will elect New Members and Associates on the following conditions:—

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II. New Annual Subscribers for a payment of £2 for the first year. These receive gratuitously the Reports for the year of their admission, and for every following year in which they continue to pay a subscription of £1 without intermission.

III. Associates for this Meeting only for a payment of £1. They are entitled to receive the Report of the Meeting at two-thirds of the Publication Price.

Ladies may become Members on the same terms as Gentlemen, and Ladies' Tickets (transferable to Ladies only) may be obtained by Members on payment of £1.

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